

London
Printed for D. Brown, B. Took, T. Varnam & I. Osborn, W. Meers & I. Brown. 1716.



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A

COLLECTION

OF

POEMS:

VIZ.

The TEMPLE of DEATH:
By the Marquiſs of NORMANBY.

An Epiſtle to the Earl of DORSET:
By *Charles Mountague*, Lord HALIFAX.

The DUEL of the STAGS:
By Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

WITH

Several Original POEMS,

Never before Printed.

BY

The E. of *Roſcommon*,
The E. of *Rocheſter*,
The E. of *Orrery*,
The Lord *Lanſdowne*,
Sir *Charles Sedley*,
Sir *George Etherege*,
Mr. *Stepney*,
Mr. *Dryden*, &c.

The THIRD EDITION.

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A COLLECTION OF POEMS, &c.

To a Young Lady, with the First Edition of these Miscellanies.

By Mr. Charles Tooke.

ACCEPT this Gift, *Lucinda*, and approve
The humble Tribute of an early Love:
Verse is the fittest Offering we can give
To Beauty, or that Beauty can receive:
For Love and Poesy Companions are,
And Wit was given to oblige the Fair.
Since 'tis her Charms alone that can inspire,
And fill the Poet's Breast with heav'nly Fire;

To offer at another Shrine, wou'd be
The higheſt pitch of groſs Idolatry.
Men to thoſe Deities they worſhip, bring
Of the ſame Gifts they gave an Offering:
To *Ceres* Corn we pay, to *Flora* Flow'rs,
Pomona has her Fruit, and Verſe is yours.
Here the Compoſer has employ'd his Care,
To chuſe what beſt might entertain the Fair,
And in one Body skilfully unite
The ſcatter'd Beams of Poetry and Wit.
Here juſt *Roſcommon* with full Luſtre ſhines,
And eaſy Art informs his flowing Lines.
From Verſe whilſt tender *Mulgrave* ſeeks relief,
The mournful Graces wait upon his Grief;
Here gentle *Etheridge*'s and *Sidley*'s Muſe
Warm the coy Maid, and melting Love infuſe:
No unchaſte Words with harſh offenſive Sound
The tender Ears of bluſhing Virgins wound;
Nor Thought, which nauſeous Images inſpire,
And damp the glowing Heat of ſoft Deſire:
But calm and eaſy the ſweet Numbers move,
And ev'ry Verſe is influenc'd by Love.
Here, bright *Lucinda*, you'll with pleaſure ſee
Perform'd, what Nature has outdone in thee.
Nature (whom *we* a cruel Mother find,
But too indulgent to the *Female Kind*)
Has with nice Art and a peculiar Care
Choſe the Perfections of each charming Fair;
Aurelia's Judgment, and *Corinna*'s Wit,
And *Chloe*'s Beauty in *Lucinda*'s meet:
In thee their Beams with pow'rful Influence join,
And what was ſingly bright, united is Divine.

O!

O! that *Lucinda* too wou'd but improve
The Charms of Beauty, with the Charms of Love:
'Tis that alone enſlaves the willing Mind,
And makes our Chains more ſure, yet ſofter bind.
When Beauty ſmiles, her Darts reſiſtleſs are;
And the Fair Maid that's kind, is doubly Fair.

In Imitation of the 23d Ode of Anacreon.
On GOLD, *to a* MISER.

By the ſame Author.

COU'D Heaps of Wealth prolong our Fate,
And ſtretch our Days beyond their Date:
Were Life as well as Pardons ſold,
And Death like Hell brib'd off with Gold:
Then I wou'd ſcrape and ſave, and be,
At leaſt, as *Covetous* as thee.
Then if the Meſſenger ſhou'd come,
That brings to all the fatal Doom;
I'd ſcorn to give him theſe Remains
Of Time, worn out with Age and Pains;
I'd uſe him kindlier than ſo,
And pay in *Gold* the Debt I owe.
But ſince we Mortals vainly try
To purchaſe Immortality,
It is as vain to ſigh and grieve,
And fearing Death, neglect to live.

If the Minutes will not ſtay,
With pleaſure they ſhall paſs away;
In Streams of Wine ſhall ſmoothly glide,
Wafted down the purple Tide:
Or let 'em ſtill more gently move,
Borne on the even Wings of Love.
Uſeleſs *Gold* why ſhould we ſave?
We are the Tribute of the Grave.
Come give me Wine, 'tis brighter far
Than thy Gold or Jewels are:
Look in the Glaſs, and ſee it riſe,
It ſparkles like *Lucinda's* Eyes;
Like her can charm, like her inſpire
The Soul with Mirth and gay Deſire.
Our Friends are come, the Bowls are crown'd,
Let's drink, and let her Health go round.
Let's drink, and let's our Time improve,
The Day with Wine, the Night with Love.
Of Life we all ſhou'd Miſers be,
And none ſhou'd truſt Futurity.
The golden Hours that now are gone,
We have enjoy'd and made our own.
If longer time the Gods will give,
We ſurely ſhall the Gift receive,
We that beſt know how to live.

To

To LESBIA.

By the ſame Author.

Quæris quot mihi baſiationes
Tuæ, Lesbia, *ſint ſatis ſuperque.*
Catullus.

WOuld'ſt thou, my deareſt *Lesbia*, know,
When round thy Neck my Arms I throw;
When to thy Lips my Lips I join,
And preſs thy riſing Breaſts to mine;
When my quick Spirits briskly move,
Inſpir'd with Joy, inſpir'd with Love;
How many Kiſſes I'd receive,
How many thouſand Kiſſes give?
Tell firſt how many Drops there be
In the vaſt Ocean's boundleſs Sea;
Then add to theſe th' unnumber'd ſtore
Of Grains that croud his ſandy Shore:
Count next what Stars adorn the Skies,
When Heav'n looks forth with all its Eyes,
To view our midnight Sports and ſtolen Joys.
But theſe, ah *Lesbia!* theſe will prove
Too few for my inſatiate Love:
'Midſt all this Wealth I ſhall be poor,
And ſtill enjoying, wiſh for more:

Almighty Love no Bounds allows,
No Meaſure he, nor Number knows.
Then let our Joys, my *Lesbia*, be
Immenſe as his Divinity:
No Sands, no Seas, nor Stars controul
Th' unbounded Pleaſures of our Soul.

Thus, thus, my Deareſt, let us live,
Claſp'd in each others longing Arms:
As many thouſand Kiſſes give,
As I've Deſires, and thou haſt Charms.
This, *Lesbia*, only this can prove
Enough for my infatiate Love.

An Epithalamium *from* Catullus.

By the ſame Author.

YOUTHS.

RISE Youths, the Evening's come, and her bright Star
With long expected Light flames from afar:
'Tis time to riſe, 'tis time the Feaſt to leave,
To ſing the Nuptials, and the Bride receive.
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

VIRGINS.

See, ſee they 'dvance, and *Heſperus* above
On *Oeta*'s top now lights the Lamp of Love:

What

What Life, what Vigour in their Mien appears?
And ſprightly Joy aſſures the Triumph theirs.
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

YOUTHS.

For us, no light, no eaſy Task's prepar'd,
Doubtful's the Strife, and to ſubdue is hard.
See with what ſtudious Care the Virgin Train
Employ their Thoughts, nor will employ in vain;
'Tis Care and Labour muſt the Victʼry gain:
Whilſt we ignobly by our Sloth betray'd
Shall fall, and be an eaſy Conqueſt made.
Let this a vig'rous Emulation raiſe,
And as they ſing, let us return their Lays.
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

VIRGINS.

O *Heſperus!* what more malignant Light
Glares in the dusky Forehead of the Night?
Thou, cruel thou, doſt from the Boſom tear
Of her fond Mother the unwilling Fair;
And giv'ſt her up with all her Virgin Charms,
Expos'd to th' Fury of a Lover's Arms.
What greater Cruelty than this is ſhown
By lawleſs Conquerors in a taken Town?
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

YOUTHS.

No Star, like thee, with ſuch a chearful Light,
Smiles on the ſober Face of ſilent Night.

You, kindly you, when your glad Beams ariſe,
Ripen the Parents Hopes, and Lover's Joy;
Which, both with ſtrong Deſire inflam'd, delay,
Till thy bright Star has clos'd the tedious Day.
What greater Bliſs can be beſtow'd by *Jove*,
Than the ſoft Minute of tranſporting Love?
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

VIRGINS.

Thou under covert of the treach'rous Night,
Haſt ſnatch'd our dear Companion from our ſight:
At thy approach the watchful Guards are ſet,
And Night led on by thee affords Retreat
To Thieves and Robbers; till again you riſe
With kindlier Beams, to gild the Eaſtern Skies,
And whom the Evening hid, thy Morning Rays ſurprize.
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

YOUTHS.

Let the chaſte Virgins modeſtly complain
With well-diſſembled Rage, and falſe Diſdain.
They at the Joys thou giv'ſt will ne'er repine,
And Nature ſoftly pleads thy Cauſe within.
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

VIRGINS.

As ſome fair Plant, that's in a Garden rear'd,
Safe from the piercing Plough, and trampling Herd;

Whilſt yet the Sun's mild Rays, and gentle Show'rs,
With fanning Winds refreſh its opening Flow'rs,
The Eyes of ev'ry Youth, and ev'ry Maid allures.
Torn from the Stalk, the tender Bloſſoms fade,
Deſpis'd by ev'ry Youth and ev'ry Maid.
So while her Virgin Bloom adorns the Fair,
By all ſhe's courted, and to all is dear;
But when her faded Chaſtity is gone,
By none ſhe's courted, is belov'd by none.
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

YOUTHS.

As the wild Vine, that in the Deſart grows,
And bears no fruitful Bloſſoms on its Boughs,
(Which, by their Weight bent downwards, and unbound,
Spread their neglected Tendrils on the ground)
Deſpis'd and ſcorn'd, can no Aſſiſtance find,
Or from the Peaſant, or the labouring Hind.
But if the Elm be wedded to the Vine,
And round his Waſte her claſping Branches twine,
Her loaded Arms, which a full Vintage bear,
Tempt and reward the Hind's and Peaſant's Care.
So the unmarry'd Virgin's drooping Charms,
Receive freſh Vigour from a Lover's Arms:
Dear to her Husband ſtill new Joys ſhe gives,
And in her aged Sire paſt Youth revives.

Be not, Fair Virgin, with reluctance led
To the chaſte Tranſports of the Nuptial Bed:
Let thee, the Will of thy kind Parents move,
And be not deaf to Duty as to Love.

Your ſelf's not wholly yours, one third is due
To either Parent, and one third to you;
And ſince both theſe to him their Right convey,
If Love perſuades not, Reaſon bids obey.
Come Hymen, *God of Marriage come, and ſhed*
Thy ſacred Influence on the Nuptial Bed.

Part of the Fourteenth Book of Homer.

In this is deſcrib'd the Contrivance of Juno *to lull* Jupiter *to ſleep, that* Neptune *the mean time might aſſiſt the* Grecians.

By the ſame Author.

ON *Ida*'s lofty Top the *Thund'rer* ſate,
And held with equal Hand the Scales of Fate:
What Plot ſhou'd *Juno* try, which way deceive
Th' impartial God, and labouring *Greeks* relieve?
The Queen was ſoon reſolv'd, and choſe to prove
The old, yet ſtill ſucceſsful, Cheat of Love,
She knew her Charms, and knew Almighty *Jove*.
Then ſtrait to her Apartment does repair,
Th' Apartment was contriv'd by *Vulcan*'s Care;
With Skill Divine he form'd the private Room,
Sacred to her, where none but ſhe cou'd come.
Here, from all Eyes withdrawn, ſhe naked ſtood,
And bath'd her Body in the Chryſtal Flood:

Then on her heavenly Limbs *Ambroſial* Show'rs
Of rich Perfumes and liquid Ointment pours,
(Borne by the Winds, the fragrant Spirit flies
Thro the wide Earth diffus'd, and ſpacious Skies.)
This done, with a nice Hand and artful Care,
She combs, and curls in Rings her ſhining Hair;
The golden Locks from her celeſtial Head
With comely Pride deſcend, and round her Shoulders ſpread:
Her radiant Form in a rich Robe ſhe dreſs'd,
And with her Girdle binds the flowing Veſt,
On which a thouſand various Figures ſhine,
Wrought in the heav'nly Loom by Hands divine:
Two glitt'ring Diamonds, like refulgent Stars,
Shoot forth their Beams, and ſparkle at her Ears:
Then over all a ſhining Veil ſhe throws,
And thus adorn'd, in haſte to *Venus* goes;
To whom ſhe ſays ———
Let not, bright Queen, the different Sides we chuſe,
Make you, the ſmall Requeſt I have, refuſe;
To thee, the *Queen of Love*, the *Queen of Heaven* ſues.
And ſure we're too much mov'd with human Cares,
If their raſh Quarrels and inteſtine Wars
Diſturb our bliſsful Seats, or can create
In Gods and Goddeſſes eternal Hate.
The Grant is eaſy, nor do I diſtruſt
Your kind Aſſiſtance in a Cauſe ſo juſt:
I'm going now to thoſe remote Abodes,
In which the antient Parents of the Gods,
Ocean and *Tethys* Empire hold, beyond
Where the Sun rolls, and Earth receives its Bound.
With them I dwelt, when from thoſe Realms above
Saturn was driven by the Arms of *Jove*;

The Helps they gave my tender Years, engage
For them th' Aſſiſtance of my riper Age:
With Grief I ſee their Strifes, that have deſtroy'd
Thoſe mutual Pleaſures which they once enjoy'd:
Cou'd I theſe Feuds and Jealouſies remove,
And tie again the looſen'd Bands of Love,
They wou'd for ever bleſs me, and my Name
Shou'd ſtand the firſt in the Records of Fame.
Give me thoſe pow'rful Charms by which you ſway
The World, and make both Gods and Men obey.
She ſpake; nor cou'd the beauteous *Queen of Love*
Refuſe the Siſter and the Wife of *Jove:*
But from her ſnowy Breaſt ungirds the *Zone,*
That with rich Work, and high Embroidery ſhone.
In this were all thoſe Charms that cou'd inſpire
The Soul with amorous Warmth and gay Deſire;
Soft Glances, forward Hopes, and modeſt Fears,
Falſe Oaths, and tender Sighs, and ſpeaking Tears;
The ſubtle Eloquence and Arts of Love,
That cheat the Wiſeſt, and the Stubborn'ſt move.
Take *This,* ſaid ſhe, *This* will again revive
Their Flames, and make their drooping Paſſion live.
The Goddeſs, pleas'd with her ſucceſsful Wiles,
Takes the rich Gift, and as ſhe takes it ſmiles.
Then *Venus* to the Heav'ns returns, whilſt *She*
Purſues her Way, ſecure of Victory.
And now ſhe came, where in Majeſtick State
The Father of the Gods exalted ſate:
He ſaw the *Queen,* and from her conquering Eyes
Thro all his Veins the pointed Lightning flies.
Th' Almighty, ſoon diſſolv'd with warm Deſires,
Feels in his Blood thoſe ſoft and tender Fires,

Which

Which youthful Breaſts inflame, when firſt they prove,
With Joy tranſported, the ſweet Theſts of Love.
On her bright Form he wondring gaz'd, then preſs'd
Her Hands, and thus in Words himſelf addreſs'd:
On what Deſign, bright Goddeſs, cam'ſt thou here
From Heav'n, and not thy Steeds nor Chariot near?
Juno reply'd, To thoſe remote Abodes
I go, in which the Parents of the Gods,
Ocean and *Tethys*, Empire hold, beyond
Where the *Sun* rolls, and *Earth* receives its Bound;
The Helps they gave my tender Years, engage
For them th' Aſſiſtance of my riper Age:
I'm griev'd to ſee the *Strifes*, which have deſtroy'd
Thoſe *mutual Pleaſures* which they once enjoy'd,
Wou'd fain theſe Feuds and Jealouſies remove,
That ſlacken and unty the Bonds of Love.
My Horſes and my Chariot ready ſtand
At *Ida*'s Foot, prepar'd for my Command:
In haſte I hither came but to receive
From thee, my Husband, thy Conſent and Leave:
I wou'd not for another's Peace create
Uneaſier Feuds at home, and worſe Debate.
Then *Jove*; *This Journey* you may well delay,
But *flitting Love* has Wings, and cannot ſtay:
Here claſp'd in one another's Arms let's lie,
And gather e'er it fade the blooming Joy.
Ne'er did Divine or Human Love inſpire
My Breaſt before with ſuch an ardent Fire:
Not fair *Alcmena* charm'd with this Delight,
Nor all the Pleaſures of th' *extended* Night;
Not *Semele*, whoſe vigorous Offspring ſhow'd
In what warm Tranſports I begot the God;

Not

Not the freſh Beauties of *Latona*'s Face,
Nor comelier *Ceres* more Majeſtick Grace;
Nor even *Thou thy ſelf*, nor didſt thou e'er
Look ſo divinely bright, ſo charming fair.
To him the Goddeſs thus reply'd; Great *Jove*,
This Place is not a proper Scene for Love:
He ſhuns the buſy Day, the prying Light,
And flies to the Retreat of ſilent Night.
Caught by ſome God, I ſhall become their Jeſt
Both at the Council and the publick Feaſt;
Whene'er I'm look'd on, I ſhall think they trace
The Print of Pleaſure in my glowing Face;
And by my Bluſhes and my Care reveal
That Secret which I labour to conceal.
To whom the Thund'rer with a Smile replies,
Fear not the Gods, nor Mortals prying Eyes;
So thick a Cloud I'll caſt around, no Ray
Of Light ſhall introduce th' unwelcome Day.
Then fir'd and raviſh'd with her heavenly Charms,
He ſnatch'd the yielding Goddeſs to his Arms.
The joyful Earth was pleas'd, and ſmiling ſpread
Her flow'ry Lap to form the fragrant Bed;
Panſies and Hyacinths were ſtrew'd around,
And a new blooming Spring adorn'd the Ground.
Upon their naked Limbs in gentle Show'rs
The golden Cloud Ambroſial Moiſture pours.
At length the God, with Love and Sleep oppreſt,
Melts in her Arms, and ſinks to pleaſing Reſt.

An Anacreontique, *from the* Greek *of* MENAGE.

By the ſame Author.

ONCE at a Ball young *Cupid* ſpy'd
The Flower of Youth and Beauty's Pride,
Divine *Corinna*; in whoſe Face
Smiles every Charm, and every Grace.
He ſaw the Fair, he run, he flew,
And round her ſnowy Neck he threw
His Arms, and cry'd with eager Joy,
Kiſs, Mother, kiſs thy deareſt Boy.
Corinna, who was chaſte as fair,
The Name of *Mother* bluſh'd to hear;
And *Virgin Modeſty* betray'd
The ſmall Miſtake her *Charms* had made.
The little God, being vex'd to find
Himſelf miſtaken, and thought blind,
Bluſh'd too; I ſaw his ſparkling Eyes,
And in his Cheeks the Colour riſe.
Thou ſhould'ſt not thus uneaſy be,
But glad that thou ſo well can'ſt ſee:
'Tis *He*, young *Cupid*, *He* is blind,
Who can't this *plain Reſemblance* find.
But truly to diſcern between
Corinna and the *Cyprian* Queen,

They're

They're both ſo equally Divine,
Requires a nicer Eye than Thine.

From the Greek *of* MENAGE.

By the ſame Author.

WHEN thro the Streets the *Paphian* Goddeſs run,
And cry'd the Fugitive, her darling Son;
A Kiſs was the Reward to be beſtow'd,
More ſweet than *Nectar*, or *Ambroſial* Food.
Your Son, the Fugitive you ſeek, is here,
Within my Breaſt is hid the Wanderer:
Give me, kind Goddeſs, give the charming Kiſs,
Or bid fair *Celia*, and improve the Bliſs.

The Wedding-Night.

By the ſame Author.

WHEN *Jove* lay bleſs'd in his *Alcmena*'s Charms,
Three Nights in one he preſs'd her in his Arms;
The Sun lay ſet, nor durſt the Day-break move,
To ſhade the God, and to prolong his Love:

From

From that auſpicious Night *Alcides* came,
What leſs could riſe from *Jove* and ſuch a Dame?
May this auſpicious Night like that appear,
Nor leſs the Joys, nor leſs the riſing Heir;
He ſtrong as *Jove*, ſhe like *Alcmena* fair.

The State of Nature.

By the ſame Author.

BEFORE Ambition touch'd the poiſon'd Heart,
E'er Gold in Love, or Friendſhip had a part;
Before the Prieſt his conjuring Trick began,
I mean that Trick of making two but one:
Before Religion was a myſtick Trade,
There was a Time when Nature was obey'd.
Then happy Man was void of Crime or Fear,
His Friendſhip perfect, and his Love ſincere,
Both as unbounded as the common Air:
His Thoughts were undiſguis'd and unconfin'd,
As naked as his Body was his Mind:
Full his Content, becauſe his Wiſhes few;
How could he covet what he did not know?
He wiſely trod where Nature led the way,
Fed on her Fruits, and on her Boſom lay;
His Strength of Appetite, and Height of Blood,
Gave double Reliſh to his Love and Food:
The Springs he drank were, like his Conſcience, clear;
The Soil produc'd, and the Sun cook'd his Fare:

The Grape, the Peach, the Melon, and the Pine,
For Smell and Taſte their Sweets and Flavours join;
The painted Morning fed his waking Eyes,
When he beheld his Canopy the Skies:
The Roſe and Lilly on the Green were ſpread,
And artleſs Beauties on the Sweets were laid,
As fair and fragrant as their flow'ry Bed.
The Birds around did all their Notes employ,
To entertain his Intervals of Joy;
The waving Boughs plaid with an eaſy Breeze,
And fann'd the Sun-beams from his chearful Eyes:
His ſhort-liv'd Cares ſet with the falling Day,
Nor Hope nor Fear lay croſs his even Way,
With the wiſe Gods or his To-morrows lay.
Thus Nature govern'd, when the World began,
The Laws of Nature were the Laws of Man;
But long this Rule did not his Fancy ſute,
The Blockhead would be wiſer than the Brute:
Art muſt new-mould what Nature better taught,
Or poliſh o'er what ſhe too coarſly wrought.
From hence the Parſon and the Taylor join'd,
To clothe his naked Body and his Mind:
The Taylor only dreſs'd the outward Sign,
To ſhew what ſort of Coxcomb liv'd within;
The Prieſt amus'd him in his myſtick School,
Turn'd his Head round, and made him Knave and Fool:
He taught ſome Vertues, but in ſtrange Diſguiſe,
Dreſs'd in the Pomp of Rites and Sacrifice; (Lyes.
The Good and Bad confus'd, and Truth was brew'd with
Between them both they make us what we are,
Of Beau and Bigot a promiſcuous Share.

Quid

Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, &c.
Horat.

By the ſame Author.

CEASE fondly to enquire what *France* and *Spain*
Deſign, divided by the foaming Main:
Nor clog with uſeleſs Cares, my Friend,
A Life which little needs, and ſoon muſt end.

Our fleeting Youth retreats apace,
And with it Love and Beauty bears;
Whilſt Pains and Wrinkles take their Place,
Th' Attendants of advancing Years.

The waning Moon and fading Flow'rs,
Which look'd e'er now ſo bright and gay,
Teach us to catch the winged Hours,
And Joys that fly more ſwift than they.

Since all we have ſo ſhort-liv'd is,
Let not our Thoughts thoſe Bounds out-run;
Nor at th' Expence of preſent Bliſs,
Provide for Time when Life is done.

Thus then, thus negligently ſpread
Beneath this Pine, or Poplar Shade,
Let's drink, whilſt Roſes on our Head
Supply the Waſte that Age has made.

Come

Come crown the Bowl——My Friend, I feel
The Strokes of Time and Care croud on;
The God of Wine theſe Wounds muſt heal,
And bid intruding Thought be gone.

Come, t'other Glaſs——I'm young again,
Th' unfetter'd Spirits briskly move,
And beating Life thro every Vein,
Proclaims returning Youth and Love.

Bring now my *Lydia* to my Arms,
Her Robes unbound, and looſe her Hair;
Bid her not ſtay to ſpoil her Charms
With Arts of Dreſs and needleſs Care.

The ſtolen KISS.

By the ſame Author.

WHY all this Anger, *Celia*, ſhown,
And I th' unhappy Object made?
Why will you puniſh with a Frown
The Wretch, whom firſt your Smiles betray'd?

Not all your Beauty and your Wit
Could force my ſtubborn Heart to yield;
Compell'd by Kindneſs I ſubmit,
And willingly reſign the Field.

'Tis

'Tis *this* retains me ſtill your Slave,
'Tis *this* which makes me humbly bow;
Your former Favours, *Celia*, gave
The mighty Power your Frowns have now.

'Tis ſtrange that Cruelty to Love,
The Force with which it wounds, ſhould owe;
But ſurely this more ſtrange will prove,
If Cruelty from Love can flow.

If for th' Effects of loving thee,
Your Servant by your Anger dies;
And, *Celia*, you'll revenge on me
The tempting Luſtre of your Eyes:

Like wretched *Orpheus* I have ſung in vain,
Since my fond Love my Bliſs deſtroys;
Like him, a fleeting Pleaſure to obtain,
I've loſt the Hope of ſolid Joys.

To the Right Honourable Sir George Rooke, *Vice-Admiral of* England, &c. *at his Return from his Glorious Enterprize near* Vigo, 1702.

——Deus immenſi venies Maris, & tua Nautæ
Numina ſola colent: Tibi ſerviet ultima Thule:
Teq; ſibi generum Tethys emet omnibus undis.
Virgil.

By the ſame Author.

AMIDST the loud Applauſe, which fills the Ears
Of Heroes and returning Conquerors;
When they from honourable Danger come,
Laden with foreign Spoils in Triumph home;
Whilſt the wiſe Senate's Thanks and Sovereign's Choice,
Add weight to Fame, and crown the publick Voice:
Can you, SIR, hear, or hearing not refuſe
The ſtiller Praiſes of an humble Muſe?
Early for you her willing Lyre ſhe ſtrung,
And pays the grateful Tribute of her Song;
Not with fond Hopes to add to that Renown
And perfect Glory, which your Arms have won:
Vertue, like ſolid Gold, ſecurely ſhines,
Nor needs the gaudy Varniſh of our Lines.

How vain's the Poet's Art! They but receive
The boaſted Honour they pretend to give:
And while the Hero's Praiſes would rehearſe,
With his great Name immortalize their Verſe;
The *Ivy*, which we bring t' adorn your Brows,
Twines round your Laurels, and ſupported grows.
Since but ſo ſmall a Time's allow'd by Fate,
And brighteſt Vertues have the ſhorteſt Date;
They that would purchaſe an immortal Name,
Muſt enter early in the Liſts of Fame.
Soon you began; and of thoſe Paths, that lead
To Fame and Honour, did the nobleſt tread;
Purſu'd what ſuted beſt your Godlike Mind,
The way of doing Good the leaſt confin'd;
Choſe the whole World to make thy Vertues known,
And raiſe thy Country's Glory and thy own.
In diſtant Lands her Pow'r thou doſt maintain,
And ſtretch her Conqueſts o'er the ſubject Main;
Make her rever'd where'er the Ocean flows,
Thoſe only Limits that her Empire knows.
Is there a Nation, whoſe Records can boaſt
More Towns and Battels gain'd, or fewer loſt?
In open Field our Troops have boldly ſtood,
And bought their Country's Honour with their Blood:
The Continent has ſhook at our Alarms,
Nor *France* alone has felt the *Britiſh* Arms.
Peace to thoſe Heroes Shades, and let none dare
From off their ſacred Head the Laurels tear,
Which they ſo bravely won, ſo juſtly wear.
Yet ſtill, what Good from this expenſive Train
Of pompous Conqueſts did *Brjtannia* gain?

To purchaſe them ſh' exhauſted all her Store,
Paid the full Price of Titles that ſhe bore,
And dreſs'd in gaudy Spoils was proudly poor.
Weaken'd by Victories, ſhe found too late,
'Twas all but Pageantry and uſeleſs State:
That Nature had mark'd out another way
To Fame, which thro the Road of Profit lay:
Had 'midſt incircling Waves her Iſland plac'd,
And in the Deep her firm Foundations caſt;
Secure within herſelf, whilſt Walls of Wood
And floating Caſtles fortify the Flood:
Which from remoteſt Worlds each ſwelling Tide,
With Spoils of War and Peace her Stores ſupply'd,
At once her Safety, Ornament, and Pride.
While on the Seas our Sovereign's Fleets appear
Under thy Conduct, and her Guardian Care,
And *France* at home dreads the impending War:
The Forts and Caſtles, to defend their Coaſts,
Are but the Priſons of their numerous Hoſts;
And the great Monarch, ſo much fear'd of late,
A mighty Captive, and confin'd in State.
The famous Rivers, which ſo oft have been
Of Arms and War the celebrated Scene,
Swell'd with their Conqueſts, when they haſte to pay
Their tributary Waters to the Sea,
Shall own the Triumphs which they meet with there,
Vaſt as the Ocean to their Fountains are;
Proud to become a Part of thy Command,
To bear thy Trophies, and obey thy Hand.

Let *Bretagne*'s Coaſts, and her *La Hogue* proclaim,
Loud as thy Thunder, thy victorious Name,

Bright as the Rays of Lightning, which deſtroy'd,
Flung from thy flaming Hand, their Naval Pride:
When on the * *Eagle's* outſtretch'd Wings, like *Jove*
With Bolts and Fire deſcending from above,
The *French Salmoneus* Rage thou didſt reſtrain,
And ſhew'd the real Thund'rer of the Main:
The Sea confeſs'd thy Power, ſhe open'd wide
Her Boſom, and in Flames the God enjoy'd.
These Proofs of Worth thy well-try'd Valour gave,
Yet ſtill 'tis eaſier to deſtroy than ſave;
Both of thoſe Attributes unite in you,
Born to protect your Friends, your Foes ſubdue:
And † *Smyrna*'s Fleet has taught us, you can wield
With equal Force and Skill the Sword or Shield.
Where'er thou com'ſt ‖, Diſcord and Fury ceaſe,
And War retreats before triumphant Peace:
To jarring Crowns Repoſe thy Navy brings,
And Quiet broods beneath her *Halcyon* Wings.
Thoſe gathering Clouds, which not long ſince broke forth
In Storms, and threaten'd to lay waſte the *North*;
Thou, at thy firſt Approach, didſt drive away,
And on their Wintry Climes let in the *Southern* Day.
So when to ſave the *Trojans*, *Neptune* rear'd
His Trident from the Deep, and on the Main appear'd,
The Winds obſequious huſh'd their loud Uproar,
And trembling Waves lay ſilent on the Shoar.
Wondrous great Man! in whoſe capacious Mind
So many diſtant Vertues are combin'd:

---

* *The Ship he went into when he burnt the* French *Men of War.*
† Smyrna *Fleet.*
‖ *Expedition into the* Baltick.

Where Truth and Policy together grow,
Wiſdom directs, and Valour ſtrikes the Blow;
Whom ev'ry part of well-plaid Life commends
The Stateſman, General, and the beſt of Friends.
Whene'er thou ſpeak'ſt, we feel thy manly Senſe
In Streams of unaffected Eloquence;
Whoſe Depth and Weight no Oppoſition ſtays,
Nor empty Noiſe a ſhallow Ford betrays.
This to the Senate did their Speaker give,
To us the Bleſſings which we thence derive:
When neither Smiles could tempt, nor Threatnings force
Thy ſteddy Vertue from its ſettled Courſe;
Reſolv'd thy Country's labouring Bark to guide
In troubled Seas, and ſtem Sedition's Tide.
For this the Hero ſtoop'd from his Command,
To meet the Fury of a youthful Hand:
Bravely reſigns the General's Pow'r and Right,
And tries with equal Arms th' unequal Fight.
Accuſtom'd Victory knew her Chief, the Fields
Thy own, and *Dares* to *Entellus* yields.
Thus tho the Heav'n's great Ruler quits his Throne,
And lays his Lightning and his Thunder down,
With all the Marks of Pow'r he wears above,
To take ſome mortal Shape; yet ſtill 'tis *Jove*.
'Twas Godlike ſure, when you, divinely brave,
Shew'd Pow'r to ruin, and a Will to ſave:
And if ſome Spirits cou'd to Mercy bend,
Thou had'ſt ſubdu'd a Foe, and gain'd a Friend.
But lo! a bright and nobler Scene appears
Of golden Times, and new-revolving Years.
Albion from Bondage freed, and foreign Chains,
Triumphs again; her own *Aſtræa* reigns:

Again

Again to *Iſrael* is the Sceptre come,
Rebuilt the Temple, and the Ark brought home.
Like the *Elyſian* Fields of Joy and Reſt,
* With her own Sun and Stars our Iſle is bleſt;
Chear'd by their gentle Rays, in Peace we live,
And ſee the blooming Arts and Virtues thrive;
Like Comets, foreign Kings when they appear,
Trail a long Blaze of unſucceſsful War.
In vain we toil, for nought can influence
An *Engliſh* Courage but an *Engliſh* Prince.
Oft for the End have the beſt Means been curſt,
And ſecond Cauſes thwarted by the firſt.
When Heav'n approves the Choice, ſhe's pleas'd to bleſs,
And faſter gives, than we can ask Succeſs.
England ſo fam'd for Valour, durſt aſpire
To take a † Town; but rais'd her Thoughts no high'r:
Chear'd with the Sun, her molting Pinions tries
In Air, and at the little Quarry flies.
Timely auſpicious Heav'n prevents her Aim,
Checks the Purſuit, and ſprings a nobler Game;
Shews her, on Wing retiring from the Main,
The Wealth of ‖ *India*, and the Pride of *Spain*.
This Prize was worthy Thee; and leſs had been
Too mean a Preſent for an *Engliſh* Queen.
Ambition's now no Crime: When *Moſes'* Rod
Leads forth our Armies, and controuls the Flood,
He Heav'n diſtruſts, that entertains a Fear,
And 'tis Rebellion almoſt not to dare.

---

* Solemque ſuum, ſua Sidera norunt. *Vir.*
† Cales.
‖ *The* Spaniſh *Galeons.*

United *Spain* and *France* in ſafety ſpread,
And *Indian* Wealth the thriving Body fed:
The little Wounds we gave, we gave in vain;
The Smart ſoon ceas'd, and they ſoon clos'd again.
When wiſely You the long protracted Strife
To end, invade at once the Springs of Life;
Attackt the Monarch in his ſtrongeſt Hold,
And wreſted from his Hand the fatal Gold.
Thoſe Arms, with which his Empire he ſupports,
The Bribes of Princes, and the Pay of Courts,
To nobler Uſes by our Queen confin'd,
Shall reſcue *Europe*, and redeem Mankind.
The World is ours whilſt You command the Sea,
And great *Columbus* conquer'd but for Thee:
Nations by him ſubdu'd are hither brought,
And in the *Britiſh* Seas the *Indies* float.

Oh! with bleſt Hopes might we our ſelves deceive,
And Thee Immortal as thy Fame believe;
How blindly happy, and how fondly vain,
Should we the flatt'ring Viſion entertain!
Alas! We muſt not on thoſe Hopes rely,
Too ſadly taught that Part of Thee can die.
Pardon, great Man, if I untimely come
With awful Reverence from her ſilent Tomb,
Thy Joy amidſt thy Triumphs to invade,
And o'er thy Laurels ſpread the Cypreſs Shade;
If thro miſtaken Zeal I looſe the Tide
Of Grief again, and touch thy bleeding Side.
Tears for loſt Friends with mournful Pleaſure flow,
And there's a melancholy Charm in Woe.
The gentle Muſe ſhall all her ſacred Pow'rs
Imploy, to ſoften thy uneaſy Hours;

In tuneful Strains, and healing Lays, Relief
Afford, and ſooth Deſpair with tender Grief;
To her what Tribute ought our Eyes to pay,
Whoſe Beauty chear'd their Beams, and bleſt their Day?
Alas! that Beauty's ſet; the Night appears
In Miſts of Sorrow, and in Dew of Tears,
And Earth the ſable Weeds of Darkneſs wears.
The faireſt Draught that Nature e'er deſign'd,
Or Fancy form'd in the young Lover's Mind,
All that could Awe command, or Joyi nſpire,
What Women envy, and what Men admire;
Torn from thy Arms, and by Diſeaſe defac'd,
Is in the common Grave of Matter caſt:
Nor can thoſe Sighs, nor can that falling Show'r
Of thy warm Tears revive the lovely Flow'r.
Oh! would relenting Fate for this reſtore
The Nymph, as bright, as charming as before;
In Sighs we'd waſte our Breath, in Floods our Eyes,
And *Venus* from the Sea again ſhould riſe.
But why do we lament the Fair that lives,
The Fair, that in her Son her ſelf ſurvives?
Behold the *Phœnix* dead again return,
The infant Shoot ſprings from its Mother's Urn!
May he beneath the Influence of thy Day,
The early Bloſſoms of his Youth diſplay;
And when to ripen'd Manhood he is grown,
Rival his mighty Father in Renown.

An ESSAY *on* POETRY.

By the Right Honourable the Marquiss of NORMANBY.

OF Things in which Mankind does most excel,
Nature's chief Master-piece is Writing well;
And of all Sorts of Writing none there are
That can the least with Poetry compare:
No kind of Work requires so nice a Touch,
And if well finish'd, nothing shines so much;
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the Vulgar with that sacred Name.
'Tis not a Flash of Fancy, which sometimes
Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes;
Bright as a Blaze, but in a moment done:
True Wit is everlasting like the Sun;
Which tho sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number, and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound,
Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar Arts;
For all in vain these superficial Parts
Contribute to the Structure of the whole
Without a Genius too, for that's the Soul;
A Spirit which inspires the Work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the World about;

A Heat which glows in every Word that's writ,
'Tis ſomething of Divine, and more than Wit;
It ſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all Men, but deſcrib'd by none.
Where doſt thou dwell? What Caverns of the Brain
Can ſuch a vaſt and mighty Thing contain?
When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Abſence mourn,
Oh where doſt thou retire? and why doſt thou return,
Sometimes with powerful Charms to hurry me away
From Pleaſures of the Night, and Buſineſs of the Day?
Ev'n now too far tranſported, I am fain
To check thy Courſe, and uſe the needful Rein.
As all is Dulneſs, when the Fancy's bad,
So without Judgment, Fancy is but mad;
And Judgment has a boundleſs Influence,
Not only in the Choice of Words or Senſe,
But on the World, on Manners, and on Men:
Fancy is but the Feather of the Pen;
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful Part,
Which gains the Head while t'other wins the Heart.
Here I ſhould all the various Sorts of Verſe,
And the whole Art of Poetry rehearſe;
But who that Task can after *Horace* do?
The beſt of Maſters, and Examples too!
Ecchoes at beſt, all we can ſay is vain,
Dull the Deſign, and fruitleſs were the Pain;
'Tis true the Antients we may rob with eaſe,
But who with that ſad Shift himſelf can pleaſe,
Without an Actor's Pride? A Player's Art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd Part.
Yet modern Laws are made for later Faults,
And new Abſurdities inſpire new Thoughts;

What need has Satire then to live on Theft,
When ſo much freſh Occaſion ſtill is left?
Fertile our Soil, and full of rankeſt Weeds,
And Monſters, worſe than ever *Nilus* breeds.
But hold, the Fools ſhall have no cauſe to fear,
'Tis Wit and Senſe that is the Subject here.
Defects of witty Men deſerve a Cure;
And thoſe who are ſo, will e'en this endure.

Firſt then of SONGS, which now ſo much abound,
Without his Song no Fop is to be found;
A moſt offenſive Weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt *Apollo*'s Laws:
Tho nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no part
Of Poetry requires a nicer Art.
For as in Rows of richeſt Pearl there lies
Many a Blemiſh that eſcapes our Eyes,
The leaſt of which Defects is plainly ſhewn
In ſome ſmall Ring, and brings the Value down;
So Songs ſhould be to juſt Perfection wrought:
Yet where can we ſee one without a Fault?
Exact Propriety of Words and Thought;
Expreſſion eaſy, and the Fancy high,
Yet that not ſeem to creep, nor this to fly;
No Words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch order all,
As, tho hard wrought, may ſeem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things elſe, is moſt unfit
Bare Ribaldry, that poor Pretence to Wit;
Such nauſeous Songs by a late Author made
Call an unwilling Cenſure on his Shade.
Not that warm Thoughts of the tranſporting Joy,
Can ſhock the Chaſteſt, or the Niceſt cloy;

But

But obſcene Words, too groſs to move Deſire,
Like Heaps of Fewel do but choak the Fire.
On other Themes he well deſerves our Praiſe,
But palls that Appetite he meant to raiſe.

Next, ELEGY, of ſweet, but ſolemn Voice,
And of a Subject grave exacts the Choice,
The Praiſe of Beauty, Valour, Wit contains,
And there too oft deſpairing Love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by Wit is mov'd?
That Phœnix-ſhe deſerves to be belov'd:
But noiſy Nonſenſe, and ſuch Fops as vex
Mankind, take moſt with that fantaſtick Sex.
This to the Praiſe of thoſe who better knew;
The Many raiſe the Value of the Few.
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
Women have drawn my wandring Thoughts aſide.
Their greateſt Fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not Defect in Words, nor Want of Wit;
But ſhould this Muſe harmonious Numbers yield,
And every Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,
If yet a juſt Coherence be not made
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid.
So right, that every Step may higher riſe,
Like goodly Mountains, till they reach the Skies;
Trifles like ſuch perhaps of late have paſs'd,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never laſt:
'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis Point, 'tis what you will,
But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with Skill,
No * Panegyrick, nor a † *Coopers-Hill*.

* Waller's.
† Denham's.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force
Are ODES, the Muſes moſt unruly Horſe;
That bounds ſo fierce, the Rider has no Reſt,
But foams at mouth, and moves like one poſſeſs'd.
The Poet here muſt be indeed inſpir'd
With Fury too, as well as Fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boaſt to have perform'd this Part,
Had he with Nature join'd the Rules of Art;
But ill Expreſſion gives ſometimes Allay
To that rich Fancy, which can ne'er decay:
Tho all appear in Heat and Fury done,
The Language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run.
Theſe Laws may ſeem a little too ſevere,
But Judgment yields, and Fancy governs there;
Which, tho extravagant, this Muſe allows,
And makes the Work much eaſier than it ſhews.

Of all the Ways that wiſeſt Men could find
To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
SATIRE well writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
And cures, becauſe the Remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on ſuch a Subject more,
Without repeating Things ſaid oft before.
Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
That ſtain a Beauty which ſo much we love.
Of well-choſe Words ſome take not care enough,
And think they ſhould be as the Subject rough;
This great Work muſt be more exactly made,
And ſharpeſt Thoughts in ſmootheſt Words convey'd:
Some think, if ſharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only Buſineſs was to rail;

But

But human Frailty nicely to unfold,
Diſtinguiſhes a Satire from a Scold.
Rage yon muſt hide, and Prejudice lay down,
A Satire's Smile is ſharper than his Frown;
So, while you ſeem to ſlight ſome Rival Youth,
Malice it ſelf may paſs ſometimes for Truth.
The || *Laureat* here may juſtly claim our Praiſe,
Crown'd by * *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;
Tho prais'd and puniſh'd for another's † Rhimes,
His own deſerve as great Applauſe ſometimes;
But once his *Pegaſus* has born dead Weight,
Rid by ſome lumpiſh Miniſter of State.
Here reſt, my Muſe, ſuſpend thy Cares awhile,
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil;
And as ſome Eagle that deſigns to fly
A long unwonted Journey through the Sky,
Conſiders all the dangerous Way before,
Over what Lands and Seas ſhe is to ſoar,
Doubts her own Strength ſo far, and juſtly fears
That lofty Road of airy Travellers;
But yet incited by ſome fair Deſign,
That does her Hopes beyond her Fears incline,
Prunes every Feather, views her ſelf with Care,
At laſt reſolved, ſhe cleaves the yielding Air,
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt
She leſſens to us, and is loſt at laſt.
So (but too weak for ſuch a weighty thing)
The Muſe inſpires a ſharper Note to ſing;

|| *Mr.* Dryden.
* *A famous Satirical Poem of his.*
† *A Libel for which he was both applauded and wounded, tho entirely innocent of the whole matter.*

And

And why ſhould Truth offend, when only told
To guide the Ignorant, and warn the Bold?
On then, my Muſe, adventrouſly engage
To give Inſtructions that concern the Stage.

The Unities of Action, Time, and Place,
Which, if obſerv'd, give PLAYS ſo great a Grace,
Are, tho but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer Faults to purge the preſent Age,
Leſs obvious Errors of the *Engliſh* Stage.

Firſt then, SOLILOQUIES had need be few,
Extremely ſhort, and ſpoke in Paſſion too.
Our Lovers talking to themſelves for want,
Of others, make the Pit their Confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They truſt a Friend, only to tell it us:
Th' Occaſion ſhould as naturally fall,
As when * *Bellario* confeſſes all.

FIGURES of Speech, which Poets think ſo fine,
Art's needleſs Varniſh to make Nature ſhine,
Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
And in Deſcriptions only claim a place.
But to make Rage declaim, and Grief diſcourſe
From Lovers in Deſpair fine things to force,
Muſt needs ſucceed; for who can chuſe but pity
A dying Hero miſerably witty?
But, Oh the Dialogues, where Jeſt and Mock
Is held up like a Reſt at Shittle-cock!

* *In* Philaſter, *a Play of* Beaumont *and* Fletcher.

Or

Or elſe like Bells, eternally they chime,
They ſigh in Simile, and die in Rhyme.
What Things are theſe who would be Poets thought,
By Nature not inſpir'd, nor Learning taught?
Some Wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better Courſe than this by which they ſtarve:
But to write Plays! why 'tis a bold Pretence
To Judgment, Breeding, Wit and Eloquence;
Nay more, for they muſt look within to find
Thoſe ſecret Turns of Nature in the Mind:
Without this Part in vain would be the Whole,
And but a Body all without a Soul.
All this together yet is but a part
Of Dialogue, that great and powerful Art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old *Grecians* knew,
From whence the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince but by a few.
Plato and *Lucian* are the beſt Remains
Of all the Wonders which this Art contains;
Yet to our ſelves we Juſtice muſt allow,
Shakeſpear and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now:
Conſider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go ſee them play'd, then read them as before;
For tho in many things they groſly fail,
Over our Paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep,
The Dull are forc'd to feel, the Wiſe to weep.
Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults:
Firſt on a Plot employ thy careful Thoughts;
Turn it with time a thouſand ſeveral Ways,
This oft alone has given Succeſs to Plays:

Reject

Reject that vulgar Error which appears
So fair, of making perfect Characters;
There's no ſuch thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A faultleſs Monſter, which the World ne'er ſaw.
Some Faults muſt be, that his Misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve Compaſſion too.
Beſides the main Deſign compos'd with Art,
Each moving Scene muſt be a Plot apart;
Contrive each little Turn, mark every Place,
As Painters firſt chalk out the future Face;
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where ſhining Thoughts to place,
As what a Man would ſay in ſuch a Caſe.
Neither in Comedy will this ſuffice,
The Player too muſt be before your Eyes;
And tho 'tis Drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your utmoſt Meaning ſhow.
Expoſe no ſingle Fop, but lay the Load
More equally, and ſpread the Folly broad;
The other way is vulgar, oft we ſee
A Fool derided by as bad as he.
Hawks fly at nobler Game; in this low way
A very Owl may prove a Bird of Prey:
Ill Poets ſo will one poor Fop devour;
But to collect, like Bees from every Flower,
Ingredients to compoſe that precious Juice,
Which ſerves the World for Pleaſure and for Uſe,
In ſpight of Faction this would Favour get:
But † *Falſtaff* ſeems unimitable yet.

† *An admirable Character in a Play of* Shakeſpear's.

Another

Another Fault, which often does befal,
Is when the Wit of ſome great Poet ſhall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That all his Fools ſpeak Senſe, as if poſſeſt,
And each by Inſpiration breaks his Jeſt:
If once the Juſtneſs of each Part be loſt,
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Coſt.
That ſilly thing, Men call Sheer-Wit, avoid,
With which our Age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd;
Humour is all, Wit ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper Thought.
But ſince the Poets we of late have known,
Shine in no Dreſs ſo much as in their own,
The better by Example to convince,
Caſt but a View on this wrong ſide of Senſe.
First a Soliloquy is calmly made,
Where every Reaſon is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely comes
A Hero frighted at the Noiſe of Drums
For her ſweet ſake, whom at firſt ſight he loves,
And all in Metaphor his Paſſion proves.
But ſome ſad Accident, tho yet unknown,
Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone,
He ſtrait grows jealous, yet we know not why,
And to oblige his Rival, needs will die:
But firſt he makes a Speech, wherein he tells
The abſent Nymph how much his Flame excels,
And yet bequeaths her generouſly now
To that dear Rival whom he does not know,
Who ſtrait appears (but who can Fate withſtand?)
Too late alas to hold his haſty Hand,

That juſt has given himſelf the cruel Stroke,
At which this very Stranger's Heart is broke:
He, more to his new Friend than Miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind,
Of ſuch a Death prefers the pleaſing Charms
To Love, and living in a Lady's Arms.
How ſhameful, and what monſtrous things are theſe?
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe,
Conclude us only partial for the Dead,
And grudg the Sign of old *Ben Johnſon*'s Head;
When the intrinſick Value of the Stage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a following Age:
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhyme
May keep up ſinking Nonſenſe for a time;
But that may fail which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And Senſe no longer will ſubmit to Fools.

By painful Steps we are at laſt got up
Parnaſſus' Hill, on whoſe bright airy Top
The Epick Poets ſo divinely ſhow,
And with juſt Pride behold the reſt below.
Heroick Poems have a juſt Pretence
To be the utmoſt Reach of human Senſe,
A Work of ſuch ineſtimable Worth,
There are but two the World has yet brought forth,
Homer and *Virgil*: with what awful Sound
Do thoſe mere Words the Ears of Poets wound!
Juſt as a Changeling ſeems below the reſt
Of Men, or rather as a too-legg'd Beaſt,
So theſe Gigantick Souls amaz'd we find
As much above the reſt of human Kind.

Nature's

Nature's whole Strength united! endleſs Fame,
And univerſal Shouts attend their Name.
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
For all things elſe appear ſo dull and poor,
Verſe will ſeem Proſe, yet often on him look,
And you will hardly need another Book.
Had * *Boſſu* never writ, the World had ſtill,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wondrous Piece of Skill,
As ſomething of Divine the Work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be inſtructed, but inſpir'd;
But he diſcloſing ſacred Myſteries,
Has ſhewn where all the mighty Magick lies,
Deſcrib'd the Seeds, and in what Order ſown,
That have to ſuch a vaſt proportion grown.
Sure from ſome Angel he the Secret knew,
Who thro this Labyrinth has given the Clue!
But what, alas, avails it poor Mankind
To ſee this promis'd Land, yet ſtay behind?
The Way is ſhewn, but who has Strength to go?
Who can all Sciences exactly know?
Whoſe Fancy flies beyond weak Reaſon's Sight,
And yet has Judgment to direct it right?
Whoſe juſt Diſcernment, *Virgil*-like, is ſuch,
Never to ſay too little, or too much?
Let ſuch a Man begin without delay,
But he muſt do much more than I can ſay,
Muſt above *Cowley*, nay and *Milton* too prevail,
Succeed where great *Torquato*, and our greater *Spenſer* fail.

* *A late Author.*

The

The TEMPLE *of* DEATH:

A Tranſlation out of *French*.

By the ſame Author.

IN thoſe cold Climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears;
A dreadful Vale lies in a Deſart Iſle,
On which indulgent Heaven did never ſmile.
There a thick Grove of aged Cypreſs Trees,
Which none without an awful Horror ſees,
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-preſaging Birds receives:
Poiſons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Seaſon there.
Millions of Graves cover the ſpacious Field,
And Springs of Blood a thouſand Rivers yield;
Whoſe Streams, oppreſs'd with Carcaſes and Bones,
Inſtead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.
Within this Vale a famous Temple ſtands,
Old as the World it ſelf, which it commands;
Round is its Figure, and four Iron Gates
Divide Mankind, by order of the Fates.
There come in Crouds, doom'd to one common Grave,
The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.

Old

Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind moſt deplores,
Are faithful Keepers of thoſe ſacred Doors;
All clad in mournful Blacks, which alſo load
The ſacred Walls of this obſcure Abode;
And Tapers of a pitchy Subſtance made,
With Clouds of Smoke increaſe the diſmal Shade.
A Monſter void of Reaſon, and of Sight,
The Goddeſs is, who ſways this Realm of Night:
Her Power extends o'er all things that have Breath,
A cruel Tyrant, and her Name is *Death*.
The faireſt Object of our wondring Eyes
Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the Altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair *Almeria*'s Blood.
When griev'd *Orontes*, whoſe unhappy Flame
Is known to all that e'er converſe with Fame;
His Mind poſſeſs'd by Fury and Deſpair,
Within the Sacred Temple made this Prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands doſt bear
That ruſty Scepter, which poor Mortals fear;
Who wanting Eyes thy ſelf, reſpecteſt none,
And neither ſpar'ſt the Laurel, nor the Crown!
O thou whom all Mankind in vain withſtands,
Each of whoſe Blood muſt one day ſtain thy hands!
O thou who every Eye, which ſees the Light,
Cloſeſt again in an eternal Night!
Open thy Ears, and hearken to my Grief,
To which thy only Power can give Relief:
I come not hither to prolong my Fate,
But wiſh my wretched Life a ſhorter date,
And that the Earth would in its Bowels hide
A Wretch, whom Heaven invades on every ſide:

That

That from the ſight of Day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my Love.
Thou only Comforter of Minds oppreſs'd;
The Port where weary'd Spirits are at reſt;
Conductor to *Elyſium*, take my Life;
My Breaſt I offer to thy ſacred Knife:
So juſt a Grace refuſe not, nor deſpiſe
A willing, tho a worthleſs Sacrifice.
Others, their frail and mortal State forgot,
Before thy Altars are not to be brought
Without conſtraint; the Noiſe of dying Rage,
Heaps of the Slain of every Sex and Age,
The Blade all reeking in the Gore it ſhed,
With ſever'd Heads and Arms confus'dly ſpread;
The rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,
The Groans of Wretches ready to expire:
This Tragick Scene makes them in terror live,
Till that is forc'd, which they ſhould freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their Fears eclipſe the Glory of their Grave.
Before thy face they make undecent Moan,
And feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one;
The Flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breaſt,
And he a Murderer, who was a Prieſt;
His Hands profan'd in breaking Nature's Chain,
By which the Body does the Soul detain:
But againſt me thy ſtrongeſt Forces call,
And on my head let all the Tempeſt fall;
No ſhrinking back ſhall any Weakneſs ſhow,
And calmly I'll expect the fatal Blow;
My Limbs not trembling, in my Mind no Fear,
Plaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.

Think

Think not that Time, our wonted ſure Relief,
That univerſal Cure for every Grief,
Whoſe Aid ſo many Lovers oft have found,
With like ſucceſs can ever heal my Wound:
Too weak's the Power of Nature, or of Art;
Nothing but Death can eaſe a broken Heart.
And that thou mayſt behold my helpleſs State,
Learn the extremeſt Rigour of my Fate.
Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous Train,
Paris, the Queen of Cities, does contain,
The faireſt Town, the largeſt, and the beſt,
So fair *Almeria* ſhin'd above the reſt.
From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeleſs Flame,
Was of our Youth the moſt ambitious Aim;
Her Chains were Marks of Honour to the Brave,
She made a Prince whene'er ſhe made a Slave.
Love, under whoſe tyrannick Power I groan,
Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown;
Her tim'rous Charms, and her unpractis'd Look,
Their firſt Aſſurance from my Conqueſt took;
By wounding me, ſhe learnt the fatal Art,
And the firſt Sigh ſhe had, was from my Heart:
My Eyes with Tears moiſt'ning her ſnowy Arms,
Render'd the Tribute owing to her Charms.
But as I ſooneſt of all Mortals paid
My Vows, and to her Beauty Altars made;
So among all thoſe Slaves that ſigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my Chain.
Love's heavy Burden, my ſubmiſſive Heart
Endur'd not long, before ſhe bore her part;
My violent Flame melted her frozen Breaſt,
And in ſoft Sighs her Pity ſhe expreſs'd;

Her

Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,
And her fair Hands ſuſtain'd me in my Chains:
Even Tears of Pity waited on my Moan,
And tender Looks were caſt on me alone.
My Hopes and Dangers were leſs mine than hers,
Thoſe fill'd her Soul with Joys, and theſe with Fears:
Our Hearts united, had the ſame Deſires,
And both alike burn'd in impatient Fires.
Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched Maſter kindly to deceive;
Make me not once Poſſeſſor of her Charms,
Let me not find her languiſh in my Arms;
Paſt Joys are now my Fancy's mournful Theams,
Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams:
Let not that Bliſs before my Eyes be brought,
O hide thoſe Scenes from my tormenting Thought;
And in their place diſdainful Beauty ſhow,
If thou would'ſt not be cruel, make her ſo:
And ſomething to abate my deep Deſpair,
O let her ſeem leſs gentle, or leſs fair.
But I in vain flatter my wounded Mind,
Never was Nymph ſo lovely, or ſo kind:
No cold Repulſes my Deſires ſuppreſs'd,
I ſeldom ſigh'd but on *Almeria*'s Breaſt.
Of all the Paſſions which Mankind deſtroy,
I only felt Exceſs of Love and Joy:
Numberleſs Pleaſures charm'd my Senſe, and they
Were, as my Love, without the leaſt Allay.
As pure, alas! but not ſure to laſt,
For, like a pleaſing Dream, they all are paſt.
From Heav'n her Beauty like fierce Lightning came,
Which breaks through Darkneſs with its glorious Flame;

Awhile

Awhile it ſhines, awhile our Sight it chears,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd Comfort diſappears,
And Thunder follows, whoſe reſiſtleſs Rage
None can withſtand, and nothing can aſſuage.
So oft the Light, which thoſe bright Flaſhes gave,
Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.

When I had juſt begun Love's Joys to taſte,
(Thoſe full Rewards for Fears and Dangers paſt)
A Fever ſeiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richeſt Work that ever Nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain ſtand;
The firmeſt Rocks are fix'd upon the Sand:
Under this Law both Kings and Kingdoms bend,
And no Beginning is without an End.
A Sacrifice to Time Fate dooms us all,
And at the Tyrant't feet we daily fall:
Time, whoſe bold Hand alike does bring to duſt
Mankind, and all thoſe Powers in which they truſt.

Her waſted Spirits now begin to faint,
Yet Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint;
And in her Heart, as in a Fort, remains,
But yields at laſt to her reſiſtleſs Pains.
Thus while the Fever am'rous of his Prey,
Through all her Veins makes his delightful way,
Her Fate's like *Semele*'s; the Flames deſtroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grow the Roſes, and the Lillies fade;
Her Skin has loſt that Luſtre which ſurpaſs'd
The Sun's, and did deſerve as long to laſt:
Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the firmeſt Hearts,
Are now diſarm'd of all their Flames and Darts;

Thoſe

Thoſe Stars now heavily and ſlowly move,
And Sickneſs triumphs in the Throne of Love.
The Fever every moment more prevails,
Its Rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails:
She, whoſe Diſdain ſo many Lovers prove,
Sighs now for Torment, as they ſigh for Love,
And with loud Cries which rend the neighb'ring Air,
Wounds my ſad Heart, and wakens my Deſpair.
Both Gods and Men I charge now with my Loſs,
And wild with Grief, my Thoughts each other croſs;
My Heart and Tongue labour in both Extremes,
That ſends up ſlighted Prayers, while this blaſphemes:
I ask their Help, whoſe Malice I defy,
And mingle Sacrilege with Piety.
But that which does yet more perplex my Mind,
To love her truly, I muſt ſeem unkind:
So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,
I muſt reſtrain unruly Floods of Tears.
My Eyes and Tongue put on diſſembling Forms,
I ſhew a Calmneſs in the midſt of Storms;
I ſeem to hope, when all my Hopes are gone,
And almoſt dead with grief, diſcover none.
But who can long deceive a loving Eye,
Or with dry Eyes behold his Miſtreſs die?
When Paſſion had with all its Terrors brought
Th' approaching Danger nearer to my Thought,
Off on a ſudden fell the forc'd Diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd a ſighing Heart in weeping Eyes:
My Apprehenſions now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my Sorrows, and betray'd my Mind.
The Fair afflicted, ſoon perceives my Tears,
Explains my Sighs, and thence concludes my Fears:

With

With ſad Preſages of her hopeleſs Caſe,
She reads her Fate in my dejected Face;
Then feels my Torment, and neglects her own,
While I am ſenſible of hers alone:
Each does the other's Burden kindly bear,
I fear her Death, and ſhe bewails my Fear:
Tho we thus ſuffer under Fortune's Darts,
'Tis only thoſe of Love which reach our Hearts.
Mean while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,
Grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears:
Thoſe vain Effects of our as vain Deſire,
Like Wind and Oil increaſe the fatal Fire.
Almeria then, feeling the Deſtinies
About to ſhut her Lips, and cloſe her Eyes,
Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling Hand,
And with theſe Words, I ſcarce could underſtand,
Her Paſſion in a dying Voice expreſs'd
Half, and her Sighs, alas! made out the reſt.
'Tis paſt; this Pang, Nature gives o'er the Strife;
Thou muſt thy Miſtreſs loſe, and I my Life.
I die, but dying thine, the Fates may prove
Their Conqueſt over me, but not my Love:
Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,
In ſpight of Death it ſelf, ſhall ſtill remain.
Ah! dear *Orontes*, my hard Fate denies
That Hope is the laſt thing which in us dies:
From my griev'd Breaſt all thoſe ſoft Thoughts are fled,
And Love ſurvives, altho my Hope is dead.
I yield my Life, but keep my Paſſion yet,
And can all Thoughts but of *Orontes* quit;
My Flame increaſes as my Strength decays;
Death, which puts out the Light, the Heat does raiſe:

That ſtill remains, tho I from hence remove;
I loſe my Lover, but I keep my Love.
The Sigh, which ſent forth that laſt tender Word,
Up towards the Heav'ns like a bright Meteor ſoar'd;
And the kind Nymph bereft of all her Charms,
Fell cold and breathleſs in her Lover's Arms:
Which ſhews, ſince Death could deny him Relief,
That 'tis in vain we hope to die with Grief.

Goddeſs, who now my Fate has underſtood,
Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood:
Here let me end the Story of my Cares,
My diſmal Grief enough the reſt declares.
Judg thou by all this Miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy Aid:
Thus to ſurvive, Reproaches on me draws,
And my ſad Wiſhes have too juſt a Cauſe.

Come then, my only Hope; in every place
Thou viſiteſt, Men tremble at thy Face,
And fear thy Name: once let thy fatal Hand
Fall on a Swain, that does the Blow demand.
Vouchſafe thy Dart; I need not one of thoſe,
With which thou doſt unwilling Kings depoſe:
Thy weakeſt, my deſir'd Releaſe can bring,
And free my Soul already on her wing.
But ſince all Pray'rs and Tears are vain, I'll try
If, ſpite of thee, 'tis poſſible to die.

A Paraphraſe on the 148*th* PSALM.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

O Azure Vaults! O Chryſtal Sky!
The World's tranſparent Canopy;
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know
With what Contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who conquer whereſoe'er you are;
Let echoing Anthems make his Praiſes known
On Earth, his Footſtool, as in Heav'n his Throne.
Great Eye of all, whoſe glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day;

O praiſe his Name, without whoſe purer Light
Thou hadſt been hid in an Abyſs of Night.
Ye Moon and Planets who diſpenſe,
By God's Command, your Influence;

Reſign to him, as your Creator due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you.
Faireſt, as well as firſt of things,
From whom all Joy, all Beauty ſprings;

O praiſe th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who uſeth thee for his Empyreal Robe:

Praiſe him ye loud harmonious Spheres,
Whoſe ſacred Stamp all Nature bears;

Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,
And whoſe Command is th' univerſal Law.
Ye watry Mountains of the Sky,
And you ſo far above our Eye;

Vaſt ever-moving Orbs, exalt his Name,
Who gave its Being to your glorious Frame.
Ye Dragons, whoſe contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,

Change your fierce Hiſſing into joyful Song,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked Tongue.
Praiſe him ye Monſters of the Deep,
That in the Sea's vaſt Boſoms ſleep;

At whoſe Command the foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits. Tremble and adore,
Ye Miſts and Vapours, Hail and Snow,
And you who through the Concave blow.

Swift Executors of his holy Word,
Whirlwinds and Tempeſts, praiſe the Almighty Lord,
Mountains, who to your Maker's View
Seem leſs than Mole-hills do to you,

Remember how, when firſt *Jehovah* ſpoke,
All Heaven was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke.
Praiſe him ſweet Offspring of the Ground,
With heavenly Nectar yearly crown'd.

And

And ye tall Cedars, celebrate his Praiſe,
That in his Temple ſacred Altars raiſe.
Idle Muſicians of the Spring,
Whoſe only Care's to love and ſing,

Fly thro the World, and let your trembling Throat
Praiſe your Creator with the ſweeteſt Note.
Praiſe him each ſalvage furious Beaſt,
That on his Stores do daily feaſt.

And you tame Slaves of the laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.
Majeſtick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,
Whoſe Power hath here no Periods;

May all Attempts againſt your Crown be vain,
But ſtill remember by whoſe Power you reign.
Let the wide World his Praiſes ſing,
Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* ſpring;

And from the *Danube's* froſty Banks, to thoſe
Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus* flows.
You that diſpoſe of all our Lives,
Praiſe him from whom your Power derives.

Be true and juſt, like him, and fear his Word,
As much as Malefactors do your Sword.
Praiſe him old Monuments of Time,
O praiſe him in your youthful Prime.

Praiſe him fair Idols of our greedy Senſe,
Exalt his Name, ſweet Age of Innocence:

Jehovah's Name ſhall only laſt,
When Heaven, Earth, and all is paſt.

Nothing, Great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable Eternity.
Exalt, O *Jacob*'s ſacred Race,
The God of Gods, the God of Grace;

Who will above the Stars your Empire raiſe,
And with his Glory recompenſe your Praiſe.

To ORINDA: *in imitation of* Horace.

By the Earl of ROSCOMMON.

Integer vitæ, &c.
Carm. Lib. 1. Od. 22.

I.

VIRTUE (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms but its own Innocence;
Quivers, and Bows, and poiſon'd Darts,
Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

II.

An honeſt Mind, ſafely alone
May travel thro the burning *Zone*,
Or thro the deepeſt *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaſpes* flows.

III.

III.

While (rul'd by a reſiſtleſs Fire)
Our Great ORINDA I admire;
The hungry Wolves, that ſee me ſtray
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remoteſt Place,
That ever *Neptune* did embrace;
When there her Image fills my Breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo bleſt.

V.

Leave me upon ſome *Libyan* Plain,
So ſhe my Fancy entertain;
And when the thirſty Monſters meet,
They'll all pay Homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of ORINDA's Name,
Not only can their Fierceneſs tame;
But if that mighty Word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in Verſe.

The GROVE.

By the ſame Author.

AH happy Grove! dark and ſecure Retreat
Of ſacred Silence, Reſt's eternal Seat:
How well your cool and unfrequented Shade,
Sutes with the chaſte Retirements of a Maid.

Oh! If kind Heav'n had been ſo much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend:
All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elyſium* ſhould be mine.
Fond Men, by Paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe Idols which their Fancy made:
Purchaſing Riches with our Time and Care,
We loſe our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to our ſelves refuſe,
Oppreſs'd with Bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is at beſt but an inconſtant Good,
Vain are the boaſted Titles of our Blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our Youth our ſhort-liv'd Beauty dies.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increaſe our Store,
If our Abundance makes us wiſh for more.
How happy is the harmleſs Country Maid,
Who, rich by Nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous Aid!
Whoſe modeſt Clothes no wanton Eyes invite,
But, like her Soul, preſerves the native White:
Whoſe little Store, her well-taught Mind does pleaſe,
Not pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Eaſe;
Who free from Storms, which on the Great Ones fall,
Makes but few Wiſhes, and enjoys them all:
No Care but Love can diſcompoſe her Breaſt,
Love, of all Cares, the ſweeteſt and the beſt.
Whilſt on ſweet Graſs her bleating Charge does lie,
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye:
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impoſe,
But one whom Love has for this Lover choſe;
Under ſome favourite Myrtle's ſhady Boughs,
They ſpeak their Paſſions in repeated Vows:

And whilſt a Bluſh confeſſes how ſhe burns,
His faithful Heart makes as ſincere Returns.
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lie,
And whilſt they live, their Flames can never die.

The Duel of the STAGS.

Written by the Honourable
Sir ROBERT HOWARD.

IN *Windſor* Foreſt, before War deſtroy'd
The harmleſs Pleaſures which ſoft Peace enjoy'd;
A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Herd,
By all his Savage Slaves obey'd and fear'd:
And while the Troops about their Sovereign fed,
They watch'd the awful nodding of his Head.
Still as he paſſeth by, they all remove,
Proud in Dominion, prouder in his Love:
And while with Pride and Appetite he ſwells,
He courts no choſen Object, but compels:
No Subject his lov'd Miſtreſs dares deny,
But yields his Hopes up to his Tyranny.
Long had this Prince imperiouſly thus ſway'd,
By no ſet Laws, but by his Will obey'd;
His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
Admire his Strength, and dare not uſe their own.
One Subject moſt did his Suſpicion move,
That ſhow'd leaſt Fear, and counterfeited Love:

In the beſt Paſtures by his Side he fed,
Arm'd with two large Militia's on his Head:
As if he practis'd Majeſty, he walk'd;
And at his Nod, he made not haſte, but ſtalk'd.
By his large Shade he ſaw how great he was,
And his vaſt Layers on the bended Graſs:
His Thoughts as large as his Proportion grew,
And judg'd himſelf as fit for Empire too.
Thus to rebellious Hopes he ſwell'd at length,
Love and Ambition growing with his Strength.
This hid Ambition his bold Paſſion ſhows,
And from a Subject to a Rival grows:
Sollicites all his Princes fearful Dames,
And in his ſight courts with rebellious Flames.

The Prince ſees this with an inflamed Eye,
But Looks are only Signs of Majeſty:
When once a Prince's Will meets a Reſtraint,
His Power is then eſteem'd but his Complaint.
His Head then ſhakes, at which th' affrighted Herd
Start to each Side; his Rival, not afear'd,
Stands by his Miſtreſs' Side, and ſtirs not thence,
But bids her own his Love and his Defence.

The Quarrel now to a vaſt height is grown,
Both urg'd to fight by Paſſion, and a Throne:
But Love has moſt Excuſe; for all, we find,
Have Paſſions, tho not Thrones alike aſſign'd.
The Sovereign Stag, ſhaking his loaded Head,
On which his Scepters with his Arms were ſpread;
Wiſely by Nature there together fix'd,
Where with the Title the Defence was mix'd;
The Pace which he advanc'd with to engage,
Became at once his Majeſty and Rage:

T'other

T'other ſtands ſtill with as much Confidence,
To make his part ſeem only his Defence.
Their Heads now meet, and at one Blow each ſtrikes
As many Strokes, as if a Rank of Pikes
Grew on his Brows, as thick their Antlets ſtand,
Which every Year kind Nature does disband:
Wild Beaſts ſometimes in Peace and Quiet are,
But Man no Seaſon frees from Love or War.
With equal Strength they met, as if two Oaks
Had fell, and mingled with a thouſand Strokes;
One by Ambition urg'd, t'other Diſdain,
One to preſerve, the other fought to gain:
The Subjects and the Miſtreſſes ſtood by,
With Love and Duty to crown Victory;
For all Affections wait on proſperous Fame,
Not he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame.
While thus with equal Courages they meet,
The wounded Earth yields to their ſtruggling Feet;
And while one ſlides, t'other purſues the Fight,
And thinks that forc'd Retreat looks like a Flight:
But then aſham'd of his Retreat, at length
Drives his Foe back, his Rage renews his Strength.
As even Weights into a Motion thrown,
By equal turns drive themſelves up and down;
So ſometimes one, then t'other Stag prevails,
And Victory yet doubtful holds the Scales.
The Prince aſham'd to be oppos'd ſo long,
With all his Strength united ruſhes on;
The Rebel weaker than at firſt appears,
And from his Courage ſinks unto his Fears.
Not able longer to withſtand his Might,
From a Retreat at laſt ſteals to a Flight.

The

The mighty Stag purſues his flying Foe,
Till his own Pride of Conqueſt made him ſlow;
Thought it enough to ſcorn a thing that flies,
And only now purſu'd him with his Eyes.
The Vanquiſh'd, as he fled, turn'd back his Sight,
Aſham'd to fly, and yet afraid to fight:
Sometimes his Wounds, as his Excuſe ſurvey'd,
Then fled again, and then look'd back, and ſtay'd;
Bluſh'd that his Wounds ſo ſlight ſhould not deny
Strength for a Fight, that left him Strength to fly:
Calls Thoughts of Love and Empire to his Aid,
But Fears more powerful than all thoſe perſuade;
And yet in ſpite of them retains his Shame,
His cool'd Ambition, and his half-quench'd Flame.
There's none from their own Senſe of Shame can fly,
And Dregs of Paſſions dwell with Miſery.
Now to the Shades he bends his feeble Courſe,
Deſpis'd by thoſe that once admir'd his Force:
The Wretch that to a ſcorn'd Condition's thrown,
With the World's Favour loſes too his own.
While fawning Troops their conquering Prince enclos'd,
Now render'd abſolute by being oppos'd;
Princes by Diſobedience get Command,
And by new-quench'd Rebellions firmer ſtand;
Till by the boundleſs Offers of Succeſs,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd Happineſs.
The vanquiſh'd Stag to thickeſt Shades repairs,
Where he finds Safety puniſh'd with his Cares:
Thorow the Woods he ruſhes not, but glides,
And from all Searches but his own he hides:
Aſham'd to live, unwilling yet to loſe
That wretched Life he knew not how to uſe.

In

In this Retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,
Till with his Wounds his Fears were almoſt heal'd:
His antient Paſſions now began to move,
He thought again of Empire and of Love:
Then rouz'd himſelf, and ſtretch'd at his full Length,
Took the large Meaſure of his mighty Strength;
Then ſhook his loaded Head; the Shadow too
Shook like a Tree, where leaveleſs Branches grew:
Stooping to drink, he ſees it in the Streams,
And in the Woods hears claſhing of his Beams;
No Accident but does alike proclaim
His growing Strength, and his increaſing Shame.
Now once again reſolves to try his Fate,
(For Envy always is importunate;)
And in the Mind perpetually does move,
A fit Companion for unquiet Love.
He thinks upon his mighty Enemy,
Circled about with Pow'r and Luxury;
And hop'd his Strength might ſink in his Deſires,
Remembring he had waſted in ſuch Fires:
Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,
He wiſh'd the other's fatal Joys his own.
Thus the unquiet Beaſt in Safety lay,
Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey;
Where he alone commanded, and was Lord
Of every Bounty Nature did afford;
Choſe Feaſts for every arbitrary Senſe,
An Empire in the State of Innocence.
But all the Feaſts Nature before him plac'd,
Had but faint Reliſhes to his loſt Taſte;
Sick Minds, like Bodies in a Fever ſpent,
Turn Food to the Diſeaſe, not Nouriſhment.

Sometimes he ſtole abroad, and ſhrinking, ſtood
Under the ſhelter of the friendly Wood;
Caſting his envious Eyes towards thoſe Plains
Where, with crown'd Joys, his mighty Rival reigns.
He ſaw th' obeying Herd marching along,
And weigh'd his Rival's Greatneſs by the Throng:
Want takes falſe Meaſures, both of Power and Joys,
And envy'd Greatneſs is but Croud and Noiſe.
Not able to endure this hated Sight,
Back to the Shades he flies to ſeek out Night:
Like Exiles from their native Soils, tho ſent
To better Countries, think it Baniſhment.
Here he enjoy'd what t'other could have there,
The Woods are ſhady, and the Streams as clear;
The Paſtures more untainted where he fed,
And every Night choſe out an unpreſs'd Bed.
But then his lab'ring Soul with Dreams was preſs'd,
And found the greateſt Wearineſs in Reſt:
His dreadful Rival in his Sleep appears,
And in his Dreams again he fights and fears;
Shrinks at the Strokes of t'other's mighty Head,
Feels every Wound, and dreams how faſt he fled.
At this he wakes, and with his fearful Eyes
Salutes the Light that ſtreaks the *Eaſtern* Skies:
Still half amaz'd, looks round, and held by Fear,
Scarce can believe no Enemy was near.
But when he ſaw his heedleſs Fears were brought,
Not by a Subſtance, but a drowſy Thought,
His ample Sides he ſhakes, from whence the Dew
In ſcatter'd Showers, like driven Tempeſts flew;
At which, thro all his Breaſt new Boldneſs ſpread,
And, with his Courage, rais'd his mighty Head:

Them

Then, by his Love inſpir'd, reſolves to try
The Combat now, and overcome, or die.
Every weak Paſſion ſometimes is above
The Fear of Death, much more the nobleſt Love:
By Hope 'tis ſcorn'd, and by Deſpair 'tis ſought,
Purſu'd by Honour, and by Sorrow brought.

Reſolv'd the Paths of Danger now to tread,
From his ſcorn'd Shelter, and his Fears, he fled:
With a brave haſte now ſeeks a ſecond Fight,
Redeems the baſe one by a noble Flight.

In the mean time the Conqueror enjoy'd
That Power by which he was to be deſtroy'd:
How hard 'tis for the Proſperous to ſee
That Fate which waits on Power and Victory.

Thus he ſecurely reign'd, when in a Rout
He ſaw th' affrighted Herd flying about;
As if ſome Huntſmen did their Chace purſue,
About themſelves in ſcatter'd Rings they flew:
He, like a careful Monarch, rais'd his Head,
To ſee what Cauſe that ſtrange Diſturbance bred.

But when the ſearch'd-out Cauſe appear'd no more
Than from a Slave he had o'ercome before,
A bold Diſdain did in his Looks appear,
And ſhook his aweful Head to chide their Fear.
The Herd afraid of Friend and Enemy,
Shrink from the one, and from the other fly;
They ſcarce know which they ſhould obey or truſt,
Since Fortune only makes it ſafe and juſt.

Yet, in deſpight of all his Pride, he ſtaid,
And this unlook'd-for Chance with Trouble weigh'd.

His Rage and his Contempt alike ſwell'd high,
And only fear'd his Enemy ſhould fly;

He thought of former Conqueſt, and from thence
Cozen'd himſelf into a Confidence.
T'other, that ſaw his Conqueror ſo near,
Stood ſtill, and liſt'ned to a whiſp'ring Fear;
From whence he heard his Conqueſt and his Shame,
But new-born Hopes his antient Fears o'ercame.
The mighty Enemies now meet at length
With equal Fury, tho not equal Strength:
For now, too late, the Conqueror did find,
That all was waſted in him but his Mind;
His Courage in his Weakneſs yet prevails,
As a bold Pilot ſteers with tatter'd Sails,
And Cordage crack'd, directs no ſteddy Courſe,
Carry'd by Reſolution more than Force.
Before his once ſcorn'd Enemy he reels;
His Wounds encreaſing with his Shame, he feels
The other's Strength more from his Weakneſs grows,
And with one furious Puſh his Rival throws.
So a tall Oak, the Pride of all the Wood,
That long th' Aſſault of ſeveral Storms hath ſtood;
Till by a mighty Blaſt more pow'rfully puſh'd,
His Root's torn up, and to the Earth he ruſh'd.
Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there grew
Once all his Power, and all his Title too;
Unable now to riſe, and leſs to fight,
He rais'd thoſe Scepters to demand his Right:
But ſuch weak Arguments prevail with none,
To plead their Titles when their Power is gone.
His Head now ſinks, and with it all Defence,
Not only robb'd of Power, but Pretence;
Wounds upon Wounds the Conqueror ſtill gives,
And thinks himſelf unſafe while t'other lives:

Unhapy

Unhappy State of ſuch as wear a Crown,
Fortune does ſeldom lay them gently down.
Now to the moſt ſcorn'd Remedy he flies,
And for ſome Pity ſeems to move his Eyes;
Pity, by which the beſt of Virtue's try'd,
To wretched Princes ever is deny'd:
There is a Debt to Fortune, which they pay,
For all their Greatneſs, by no common way.
The flatt'ring Troops unto the Victor fly,
And own his Title to his Victory;
The Faith of moſt with Fortune does decline,
Duty's but Fear, and Conſcience but Deſign.
The Victor now, proud in his great Succeſs,
Haſtes to enjoy his fatal Happineſs;
Forgot his mighty Rival was deſtroy'd
By that, which he ſo fondly now enjoy'd.
In Paſſions, thus Nature herſelf enjoys,
Sometimes preſerves, and then again deſtroys;
Yet all Deſtruction which Revenge can move,
Time or Ambition, is ſupply'd by Love.

To CELIA.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

YOU tell me, *Celia*, you approve,
Yet never muſt return my Love;
An Anſwer that my Hope deſtroys,
And in the Cradle wounds our Joys.

To kill at once what needs muſt die,
None would to Birds and Beaſts deny.
How can you then ſo cruel prove,
As to preſerve and torture Love ?
That Beauty Nature kindly meant
For her own Pride, and our Content ;
Why ſhould the Tyrant Honour make
Our greateſt Torment? Let us break
His Yoke, and that baſe Power diſdain,
Which only keeps the Good in pain.
In Love and War th' Impoſtor does
The Beſt to greateſt Harms expoſe.
Come then, my *Celia*, let's no more
This Devil for a God adore.
Like fooliſh *Indians* we have been,
Whoſe whole Religion is a Sin.
If we the Laws of Love had kept,
And not in Dreams of Honour ſlept ;
He would have ſurely, long e'er this,
Have crown'd us with the higheſt Bliſs :
Our Joy had then been as compleat,
As now our Folly has been great.
Let's loſe no time then, but repent,
Love welcomes beſt a Penitent.

A N

ANSWER.

By the ſame Author.

THYRSIS, I wiſh, as well as you,
To Honour there were nothing due:
Then would I pay my Debt of Love,
In the ſame Coin that you approve;
Which now you muſt in Friendſhip take,
Tis all the Payment I can make:
Friendſhip ſo high, that I muſt ſay,
'Tis rather Love with ſome Allay;
And reſt contented, ſince that I
As well my ſelf as you deny.
Learn then of me bravely to bear
The want of what you hold moſt dear;
And that which Honour does in me,
Let my Example work on thee.

To CELIA.

By the ſame Author.

PRINCES make Laws by which their Subjects live,
And the high Gods Rules for their Worſhip give:
How ſhould poor Mortals elſe a Service find
At all proportion'd to their mighty Mind?
Had it been left to us, each one would bring,
Of what he lik'd himſelf, an Offering;
And with unwelcome Zeal, perhaps, diſpleaſe
Th' offended Deity he would appeaſe.
All Powers but thine this Mercy do allow,
And how they would be ſerv'd themſelves do ſhew:
A rude Barbarian would his captiv'd Foe
Fully inſtruct in what he'd have him do.
And can it be, my *Celia*, that Love
Leſs kind than War ſhould to the Vanquiſh'd prove?
Say, cruel Fair then, would you that my Flame
Should for a while move under Friendſhip's Name;
Or may it boldly, like it ſelf appear,
And its own Tale deliver to your Ear?
Or muſt it in my tortur'd Boſom live,
Like Fire in quiet Flints, and no Light give:
And only then humbly ſend forth a ſmall
Spark, when your ſelf does on that Subject fall?
My Paſſion can with any Laws comply,
And for your ſake do any thing but die.

To CHLORIS.

By the ſame Author.

CHLORIS, I juſtly am betray'd
By a Deſign my ſelf had laid:
Like an old Rook, whom in his Cheat,
A Run of Fortune does defeat.
I thought at firſt with a ſmall Sum
Of Love, thy Heap to overcome;
Preſuming on thy want of Art,
Thy gentle and unpractis'd Heart:
But naked Beauty can prevail,
Like open Force, when Plots do fail;
Inſtead of that thou haſt all mine,
And I have not one Stake of thine:
And, like all Winners, doſt diſcover
A Willingneſs to give me over.
And tho I beg, thou wilt not now,
'Twere better thou ſhould'ſt do ſo too:
For I ſo far in Debt ſhall run,
Even thee I ſhall be forc'd to ſhun.
My Hand, alas! is no more mine,
Elſe it had long ago been thine:
My Heart I give thee, and we call
No Man unjuſt that parts with all.
What a Prieſt ſays moves not the Mind,
Souls are by Love, not Words combin'd.

To a Lady who told him he could not love.

By the ſame Author.

MADAM, tho meaner Beauties might,
Perhaps, have need of ſome ſuch Sleight;
Who to excuſe their Rigour, muſt
Say they our Paſſions do miſtruſt,
And that they would more Pity ſhew,
Were they but ſure our Loves were true:
You ſhould thoſe pretty Arts deſpiſe,
Secure of what is once your Prize.
We to our Slaves no Fraud addreſs,
But as they are, our Minds expreſs.
Tell me not then I cannot love,
Say, rather, you it ne'er can move;
Who can no more doubt of your Charms,
Than I reſiſt ſuch pow'rful Arms:
Whoſe numerous Force that I withſtood
So long, was not thro any Hope I could
Eſcape their Pow'r; bur thro Deſpair,
Which oft makes Courage out of Fear.
I trembling ſaw how you us'd thoſe
Who tamely yielded without Blows:
Had you but one of all them ſpar'd,
I might, perhaps, have been enſnar'd;
And not have thus, e'er I did yield,
Call'd Love's whole Force into the Field.

Yet

Yet now I'm conquer'd, I will prove
Faithful as they that never ſtrove.
All Flames in Matter, where too faſt
They do not ſeize, the longer laſt:
Then blame not mine for moving ſlow,
Since all things durable are ſo.
The Oak that's for three hundred Years
Deſign'd in growing, one out-wears;
Whilſt Flowers for a Seaſon made,
Quickly ſpring up, and quickly fade.

To CHLORIS.

By the ſame Author.

CHLORIS, you live ador'd by all,
And yet on none your Favours fall.
A ſtranger Miſtreſs ne'er was known,
You pay us all in paying none.
We him of Avarice accuſe,
Who what he has, does fear to uſe.
But what Diſeaſe of Mind ſhall I
Call this, thy hated Penury?
Thou'wilt not give out of a Store,
Which no Profuſeneſs can make poor.
Miſers, when dead, may make amends;
And in their Wills enrich their Friends.
But when thou dy'ſt, thy Treaſure dies,
And thou canſt leave no Legacies.

What Madneſs is it then to ſpare,
When we want Power to make an Heir?
Live *Chloris* then at the full rate
Of thy great Beauty; and ſince Fate
To Love and Youth is ſo ſevere,
Enjoy 'em freely while th'art here.
Some Caution yet I'de have thee uſe,
When e'er thou doſt a Servant chuſe:
We are not all for Lovers fit,
No more than Arms, or Arts, or Wit.
For Wiſdom ſome reſpected are,
Some we ſee pow'rful at the Bar;
Some for Preferment waſte their Time,
And the ſteep Hill of Honour climb;
Others of Love their Buſineſs make,
In Love their whole Diverſion take.
Take one of thoſe, for in one Breaſt
Two Paſſions live but ill at reſt:
And even of them, I'd have thee fly
All that take Flame at every Eye;
All thoſe that light and faithleſs are,
All that dare more than think thee fair.
Take one, of Love who nothing ſays,
And yet whom every Word betrays.
Love in the Cradle pretty ſhews,
And when't can ſpeak, unruly grows.

The PICTURE: *In Imitation of* Anacreon's Bathillus.

By the Right Honourable the Marquiſs of NORMANBY.

THOU Flatterer of all the Fair,
Come with all your Skill and Care,
Draw me ſuch a Shape and Face,
As your Flatt'ry would diſgrace;
Wiſh not that ſhe would appear,
'Tis well for you that ſhe's not here:
Scarce can you with Safety ſee
All her Charms deſcrib'd by me,
Who, alas, have found too well
What a Power does in them dwell:
I, alas, the Danger know,
I, alas, have felt the Blow;
Mourn, as loſt, my former Days,
That did not ſing of *Celia*'s Praiſe;
And thoſe few that are behind,
I ſhall bleſt or wretched find,
Only juſt as ſhe is kind.

With her tempting Eyes begin,
Eyes that might draw Angels in
To a ſecond ſweeter Sin.

Oh, thoſe wanton rolling Eyes!
At each Glance a Lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.

Next, draw her Forehead, then her Noſe,
And Lips juſt opening, which diſcloſe
Teeth ſo white, and Breath ſo ſweet,
So much Beauty, ſo much Wit,
To our very Soul they ſtrike,
All our Senſes pleas'd alike.

But ſo pure a White and Red,
Never never can be ſaid;
What are Words in ſuch a Caſe?
What is Paint to ſuch a Face?
How ſhould either Art avail us?
Fancy here it ſelf will fail us.

In her Looks, and in her Mein
Such a graceful Air is ſeen,
That if you with all your Art
Can but reach the ſmalleſt Part,
Next to her, the matchleſs ſhe,
We ſhall wonder moſt at thee.

Then her Neck, and Breaſts, and Hair,
And her——but my charming Fair,
Does in a thouſand things excel,
Which I muſt not, dare not tell.

How go on then? Oh, I ſee
A lovely *Venus* drawn by thee:

Oh

Oh how fair ſhe does appear!
Touch it only here and there;
Make her yet ſeem more Divine,
Your *Venus* then may look like mine,
Whoſe bright Form, if once you ſaw,
You by her would *Venus* draw.

To a Coquet Beauty.

By the ſame Author.

FROM Wars and Plagues come no ſuch Harms,
As from a Nymph ſo full of Charms;
So much Sweetneſs in her Face,
In her Motions ſuch a Grace,
In her kind inviting Eyes
Such a ſoft Enchantment lies,
That we pleaſe our ſelves too ſoon,
And are with vain Hopes undone.
After all her Softneſs, we
Are but Slaves, while ſhe is free;
Free, alas, from all Deſire,
Except to ſet the World on fire.
Thou fair Diſſembler, doſt but thus
Deceive thy ſelf as well as us;
Like ambitious Monarchs, thou
Would'ſt rather force Mankind to bow,
And venture o'er the World to roam,
Than govern with Content at home.

But truſt me, *Celia*, truſt me when
Apollo's ſelf inſpires my Pen;
One Hour of Love's Delights out-weighs
Whole Years of univerſal Praiſe;
And one Adorer kindly us'd,
Is of more uſe, than Crouds refus'd.
For what does Youth and Beauty ſerve?
Why more than all your Sex deſerve?
Why ſuch ſoft alluring Arts,
To charm our Eyes, and melt our Hearts?
By our Loſs, you nothing gain;
Unleſs you love, you pleaſe in vain.

A SONG.

By the ſame Author.

FROM all uneaſy Paſſions free,
Revenge, Ambition, Jealouſy,
Contented I had been too bleſt,
If Love and You would let me reſt.
Yet that dull Life I now deſpiſe;
Safe from your Eyes,
I fear'd no Griefs, but, Oh, I found no Joys.

Amidſt a thouſand ſoft Deſires,
Which Beauty moves, and Love inſpires;
I feel ſuch Pangs of jealous Fear,
No Heart ſo kind as mine can bear.

Yet I'll defy the worſt of Harms;
Such are thoſe Charms,
'Tis worth a Life, to die within your Arms.

The Parting of Hector *with his Princeſs* Andromache, *and only Son* Aſtyanax, *when he went upon his laſt Expedition, in which he was ſlain by* Achilles.

Done out of the *Greek* of *Homer*, *Iliad.* 6.

By Knightly Chetwood.

Hector, tho warn'd by an approaching Cry,
That to *Troy* Walls the conqu'ring *Greeks* drew nigh,
T' his Princeſs one ſhort Viſit pays in haſte,
Some *Damon* told him this would be his laſt:
Her (ſwiftly paſſing thro the ſpacious Streets)
He nor at home, nor in the Circle meets,
Nor at * *Minerva*'s, where the beauteous Train
Made Prayers and Vows to angry Powers in vain.
She, half diſtracted with the loud Alarms,
(The Prince was carry'd in his Nurſe's Arms)
Runs to a Turret, whoſe commanding Height
Preſented all the Battel to her ſight,
Advancing *Grecians*, and the *Trojans* Flight.

* *The Temple of* Minerva.

Here *Hector* finds her, with a Lover's Pace
She ſpeeds, and breathleſs ſinks in his Embrace;
The Nurſe came after with her Princely Care,
As *Heſperus*, freſh, promiſing, and fair;
Hector in little, with paternal Joy,
He bleſt in ſilent Smiles the lovely Boy.
The Princeſs, at his ſight compos'd again,
Preſſing his Hand, does gently thus complain.
My deareſt Lord, believe a careful Wife,
You are too laviſh of your precious Life;
You foremoſt into every Danger run,
Of me regardleſs, and your little Son.
Shortly the *Greeks*, what none can ſingly do,
Will compaſs, pointing all the War at you.
But before that Day comes (Heavens!) may I have
The mournful Privilege of an early Grave!
For I of your dear Company bereft,
Have no Reſerve, no ſecond Comfort left.
My Father, who did in *Cilicia* reign,
By fierce *Achilles* was in Battel ſlain:
His Arms that ſavage Conqueror durſt not ſpoil,
But paid juſt Honours to his funeral Pile;
Wood-Nymphs about his Grave have planted ſince
A rural Monument to a mighty Prince.
Seven Brothers, who ſeven Legions did command,
Had the ſame Fate, from the ſame murdring Hand.
My Mother too, who their ſad Heir did reign,
With a vaſt Treaſure was redeem'd in vain,
For ſhe ſoon clos'd her Empire, and her Breath,
By Wretches laſt good Fortune——ſudden Death.
Thus Father, Mother, Brethren, all are gone,
But they ſeem all alive in you alone.

To gain you, thoſe Endearments I have ſold,
And like the Purchaſe —— if the Title hold.
Have pity then, here in this Tower abide,
And round the Walls and Works your Troops divide.
But now the *Greeks*, by both their Generals led,
Ajax, *Idomeneus*, *Diomede*,
With all their moſt experienc'd Chiefs and brave,
Three fierce Attacks upon the Out-works gave;
Some God their Courage to this pitch did raiſe,
Or this is one of *Troy*'s unlucky Days.
Hector reply'd, This you have ſaid, and more,
I have revolv'd in ſerious Thoughts before.
But I not half ſo much thoſe *Grecians* fear,
As Carpet-Knights, State-Dames, and Flatterers here.
For they, if ever I decline the Fight,
Miſcall wiſe Conduct Cowardice and Flight;
Others may Methods chuſe the moſt ſecure,
My Life no middle Courſes can endure.
Urg'd by my own, and my great Father's Name,
I muſt add ſomething to our antient Fame:
Embark'd in *Ilium*'s Cauſe, I cannot fly,
Will conquer with it, or muſt for it die.
But ſtill ſome boding Genius does portend
To all my Toils an unſucceſsful End,
For how can Man with heavenly Powers contend?
The Day advances with the ſwifteſt Pace,
Which *Troy*, and all her Glories, ſhall deface,
Which *Aſia*'s ſacred Empire ſhall confound,
And theſe proud Towers lay level with the Ground.
But all compar'd with you does ſcarce appear,
When I preſage your Caſe, I learn to fear:

When you by ſome proud Conqu'ror ſhall be led
A mournful Captive to a Maſter's Bed;
Perhaps ſome haughty Dame your Hands ſhall doom,
To weave *Troy*'s Downfal in a *Grecian* Loom:
Or lower yet, you may be forc'd to bring
Water to *Argos* from *Hiperia*'s Spring;
And as you meaſure out the tedious Way,
Some one ſhall, pointing to his Neighbour, ſay,
See to what Fortune *Hector*'s Wife is brought,
That famous General, that for *Ilium* fought.
This will renew your Sorrows without end,
Depriv'd in ſuch a Day of ſuch a Friend.
But this is Fancy, or before it I
Low in the Duſt will with my Country lie.
Then to his Infant he his Arms addreſs'd,
The Child clung, crying, to his Nurſe's Breaſt,
Scar'd at the burniſh'd Arms, and threatning Creſt.
This made them ſmile, whilſt *Hector* doth unbrace
His ſhining Helmet, and diſclos'd his Face:
Then dancing the pleas'd Infant in the Air,
Kiſs'd him, and to the Gods conceiv'd this Pray'r.
Jove, and you heavenly Powers, whoever hear
Hector's Requeſt with a propitious Ear,
Grant this my Child in Honour and Renown
May equal me, wear, and deſerve the Crown:
And when from ſome great Action he ſhall come
Laden with hoſtile Spoils in Triumph home,
May *Trojans* ſay, *Hector* great things hath done,
But is ſurpaſs'd by his Illuſtrious Son.
This will rejoice his tender Mother's Heart,
And ſenſe of Joy to my pale Ghoſt impart.

Then in the Mother's Arms he puts the Child,
With troubled Joy, in flowing Tears ſhe ſmil'd:
Beauty and Grief ſhew'd all their Pomp and Pride,
Whilſt thoſe ſoft Paſſions did her Looks divide.
This Scene ev'n *Hector*'s Courage melted down,
But ſoon recovering, with a Lover's Frown,
Madam (ſays he) theſe Fancies put away,
I cannot die before my fatal Day:
Heaven, when we firſt take in our vital Breath,
Decrees the way, and moment of our Death.
Women ſhould fill their Heads with Womens Cares,
And leave to Men (unqueſtion'd) Mens Affairs.
A Truncheon ſutes not with a Lady's Hand,
War is my Province that in chief command.
The beauteous Princeſs ſilently withdrew,
Turns oft, and with ſad wiſhing Eyes does her Lord's Steps purſue.
Penſive to her Apartment ſhe returns,
And with Prophetick Tears approaching Evils mourns:
Then tells all to her Maids; officious they
His Funeral Rites to living *Hector* pay,
Whilſt forth he ruſhes through the * *Scæan* Gate,
Does his own part, and leaves the reſt to Fate.

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* *The Let Gate, accounted ominous.*

On a Poet who writ in the Praiſe of SATIRE.

By the Earl of ROCHESTER.

TO vex and torture thy unmeaning Brain
In Satire's Praiſe, to a low untun'd Strain,
In thee was moſt impertinent and vain.
When in thy Perſon we more plainly ſee,
That Satire's of Divine Authority;
For God made one on Man, when he made thee:
In whom are all thoſe Contradictions join'd,
That make a Fop prodigious and refin'd,
A Lump deform'd and ſhapeleſs wert thou born,
Begot in Love's Deſpight, and Nature's Scorn,
And art grown up the moſt ungainly Wight,
Harſh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight:
Yet Love's thy Buſineſs, Beauty thy Delight.
Curſe on that ſilly Hour that firſt inſpir'd
Thy longing to admire, and be admir'd,
To paint thy grizly Face, to dance, to dreſs,
And all thoſe aukard Motions that expreſs
Thy loathſom Love, and filthy Daintineſs:
Who needs will be an ugly *Beau-Garſoon*,
Spit at, and ſcorn'd by every Girl in Town;
Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow thou art plac'd
To fright the tender Flock, who long to taſte.

For

For none ſo leud and ſilly yet have prov'd,
Where thou mad'ſt Love, t' endure to be belov'd.
'Twere Counſel loſt, or elſe I would adviſe;
But thy half Wit will ne'er let thee be wiſe:
Half witty, and half mad, and ſcarce half brave,
Half honeſt, which is very much a Knave,
Made up of all thoſe Halves, thou can'ſt not paſs
For any thing entirely but an *Aſs*.

A Farewel to LOVE.

ONCE more Love's mighty Charms are broke,
His Strength and Cunning I defy:
Once more I have thrown off his Yoke,
And am a Man, and do deſpiſe the Boy.
Thanks to her Pride, and her Diſdain,
And all the Follies of a ſcornful Mind:
I had ne'er poſſeſs'd my Heart again,
If fair *Miranda* had been kind.

Welcome, fond Wanderer, as Eaſe
And Plenty to a Wretch in Pain,
That worn with Want and a Diſeaſe,
Enjoys his Health, and all his Friends again.
Let others waſte their Time and Youth,
Watch and look pale, to gain a peeviſh Maid,
And learn too late this dear-bought Truth,
At length they're ſure to be betray'd.

By a Person of Honour.

THO, *Phillis*, your prevailing Charms
Have forc'd me from my *Celia*'s Arms,
That kind Defence against all Powers,
But those resistless Eyes of yours:
Think not your Conquest to maintain,
By Rigour and unjust Disdain.
In vain, fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
For Love does seldom Hope survive.
My Heart may languish for a time,
Whilst all your Glories in their prime,
Can justify such Cruelty,
By the same Force that conquer'd me.
When Age shall come, at whose Command
Those Troops of Beauties must disband:
A Tyrant's Strength once took away,
What Slave so dull as to obey?

EPI-

EPILOGUE to Every Man in his Humour.

By the ſame Author.

INTREATY ſhall not ſerve, nor Violence,
To make me ſpeak in ſuch a Play's Defence:
A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy:*
The Scene (what more abſurd!) in *England* lies,
No Gods deſcend, nor dancing Devils riſe;
No Captive Prince, from nameleſs Country brought,
No Battel, nay, there's not a Duel fought.
And ſomething yet more ſharply might be ſaid,
But I conſider the poor Author's dead:
Let that be his Excuſe——Now for our own,
Why——Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.
The Parts were fitted well; but ſome will ſay,
Pox on 'em Rogues, what made 'em chuſe this Play?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not Choice, but mere Neceſſity.
To all our writing Friends in Town we ſent,
But not a Wit durſt venture out in *Lent.*
Have patience but till *Eaſter* Term, and then
You ſhall have Jig and Hobby-horſe again.

Here's

Here's Mr. *Matthew*, or Domeſtick Wit,
Does promiſe one of the ten Plays h'as writ:
But ſince great Bribes weigh nothing with the Juſt,
Know, we have Merits, and in them we truſt.
When any Faſts, or Holy-Days, defer
The publick Labours of the *Theatre*,
We ride not forth, although the Day be fair,
On ambling Tit, to take the Suburb-Air:
But with our Authors meet, and ſpend that time
To make up Quarrels between Senſe and Rhyme.
Wedneſdays and *Fridays* conſtantly we ſate,
Till after many a long and free Debate,
For divers weighty Reaſons, 'twas thought fit,
Unruly Senſe ſhou'd ſtill to Rhyme ſubmit.
This the moſt wholeſom Law we ever made,
So ſtrictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd:
Sure, no Man here will ever dare to break.

Enter Johnſon's *Ghoſt.*

Hold, and give way, for I my ſelf will ſpeak;
Can you encourage ſo much Inſolence,
And add new Faults ſtill to the great Offence
Your Anceſtors ſo raſhly did commit
Againſt the mighty Powers of Art and Wit,
When they condemn'd thoſe noble Works of mine,
Sejanus, and my beſt-lov'd *Catiline*?
Repent, or on your guilty Heads ſhall fall
The Curſe of many a Rhyming Paſtoral:
The three bold *Beauchamps* ſhall revive again,
And with the *London*-Prentice conquer *Spain*.
All the dull Follies of the former Age
Shall riſe and find Applauſe upon this *Stage*.

But

But if you pay the great Arrears of Praiſe,
So long ſince due to my much-injur'd Plays;
From all paſt Crimes I firſt will ſet you free,
And then inſpire ſome one to write like me.

An ODE, *in Imitation of* Pindar, *on the Death of the Right Honourable* Thomas *Earl of* Oſſory.

By Knightly Chetwood.

I.

WHAT Strains at ſacred *Piſa*'s Spring,
The Swan that often ſung with tuneful Breath
To his inchanting Lyre, did ſing
Of God, of Hero, or of Heaven-born King,
With Verſes cheaply purchas'd, tho by Death:
Or rather (ſince to a pious Hero we,
Juſt, tho late Obligations bring)
What Tears the Muſe's Prophet Royal ſhed
On *Saul*'s anointed Head,
And thought a Crown poor Recompence for a Friend:
When by a Power miraculous he
(The Power of Faith and Poetry)
Upon the Clouds an Interdict did lay,
And bid Mount *Gilboa*
To rear his naked Back parch'd to the angry Sky:

Such Numbers Prieſteſſes of Fame inſpire,
Such *Oſſory* does deſerve, and *Ormond* ſuch deſire;
Such *Flanders'* bloody Plains, and *Mons*, and *Britiſh* Seas require.
And ye Poetick Candidates of Fame,
If you would build a laſting Name,
This Subject chuſe: as the dark Womb
Of the old Prophets Vital Tomb
Could Life reſtore, ſo *Oſſory*'s Life can give,
And by his Genius many an Age even this dead Verſe ſhall live.

II.

Then tell, ye heavenly Siſters, ye can tell,
(For we below
In the dark Vale of Hearſay dwell,
And nothing know)
Tell when great *Oſſory*'s enlarged Shade
Through Heaven's Arch his triumphant Entry made,
How noble *Brutus'* antient Race
(To ſhew peculiar Worth peculiar Grace)
Roſe up and offer'd the firſt Place.
Tell how the ſainted Hero (whom
The pious Tales of fabulous *Rome*,
Greater to make, have almoſt nothing made)
Embrac'd his Succeſſor; and ſware
None worthier did his Myſtick Enſigns wear.
Tell how the Nymphs that with ſoft ſilver Oars
Ply round the *Ebude*'s, and cold *Mona*'s Shores,
Or the Sea's Oracle, the Mouth of *Thames*,
The noble *Shannon*'s, or ſhort *Liffy*'s Streams,
Their Guardian did lament, and tear
Their Sea-green Hair, (did hear.
This ſecond Grief to great *Pan*'s Death th' afflicted Nymphs

Bid

Bid ſad *Juverna* raiſe a Monument
As *Teneriff* high, wide as her Iſle's Extent.
Bid her be ſure her Title prove,
Leſt her Pretence as fabulous ſeem as lying *Crete*'s to *Jove*.

III.

Nature, with her Commiſſion brisk and gay,
When the bleſs'd Earth ſaluted new-born Day,
And the World's Eye, the youthful Sun,
Unſpotted with ill Sights, the Race did run,
Profuſe, in Birds and Flowers her Art did ſhow,
She painted then the gawdy Bow:
But moſt in Man (whom we her Abſtract call)
She of the precious Stuff was prodigal:
Her Kings but few Removes from *Jove*, her Princes Heroes all.
But now (ſo ſparingly that Seed is ſown,
The Soil ſpent, or ſhe covetous grown,
Or Vice hath ſpoil'd the Strain, or Fate
Hath given the World for deſperate)
Sh' hath ſhrunk the ſhort Dimenſions of a Man,
And to an Inch reduc'd our Span,
A Number, an inglorious Rout,
Faint Shadows of our Anceſtors, alas! we ſtalk about!
If by ſome mighty Effort ſhe
Produce at laſt one *Oſſory*.
(Like Stars, which in our Hemiſphere
Gaz'd at, half known, ſtrait diſappear)
So late he enters, ſo ſoon quits the Stage,
He leaves a Nation deſolate, and quite undoes the Age.

IV.

IV.

Early young *Offory* enter'd Vertue's Race,
Swiftly began, yet ſtill increas'd his Pace;
And when no other Rival he could find,
Strove with himſelf, and left himſelf behind.
With confirm'd Steps t' his Prince he went
Into a noble Baniſhment,
The Country then of all was excellent.
But ſure the Stars and Fortune have
Small Influence on the Vertuous and the Brave;
Ev'n Poiſon turns to wholeſom Meat
By Vertue's ſtrong digeſtive Heat.
The more with *Hercules'* Stepdame *Juno* ſtrove,
The more ſhe prov'd the mighty Seed of *Jove*.
The Policy of * *Tiber* and the * *Arne*,
The Courtſhip of the † *Seine* and † *Marne*;
What ſolid Serious the ſage ‖ *Hebre* hath,
And *Germany* of antient Faith,
With *Britiſh* Gallantry conjoin'd,
Did in the Chymick Furnace of his Mind
A high Elixir make, than each more precious and refin'd.

V.

As when that annual Chaos, Winter, flies,
Whilſt the ſoft *Pleiades* do mount the Skies,
And *Philomel* to Weſtern Gales does ſing
The *Advent* of the Heaven-born Spring;
Such Joy bleſs'd *Charles* did to his Subjects bring.

---

* Italian *Rivers*.
† French *Rivers*.
‖ Spaniſh.

Then

Then many a Hero, whom no Storms could ſhake,
Who from his Sufferings did new Courage take,
Diſſolv'd in the ſoft Lap of Pleaſure lay,
As Ice, the Winter's Child, in Summer's Day
Is by the amorous Sunbeams kiſs'd away.
But not ſo *Oſſory*, chryſtalliz'd his Mind,
Fortune adverſe did brave, diſdain'd her kind.
Not *Amoret* to the Alcove,
Or Park the conſcious Mart of Love,
Not ſo t' a Prince's Levee with firſt Light,
Haſtes an aſpiring Favourite;
As you where honourable Danger lay,
And to the Temple of high Fame did mark the craggy Way.

VI.

Go, thy wing'd Chariot, quickly Muſe, prepare,
Lo, a vaſt Fleet conſumes the Eaſtern Air:
Baſe *Hollanders Great Britain*'s Rights invade;
See what Returns for Liberty they made!
Viperous Brood! but Vipers we do find
Bely'd; Ingratitude is proper to Mankind.
Embark i'th' Ship where *Oſſory* goes,
To check the *Parricidal* Foes:
Not as the grave *Venetian* takes his way,
With many a Barge, and many a *Gondola*;
Whilſt painted *Bucentore* in State does move,
And to the *Adriatick* Maid makes Love.
As *Jove* he comes to th' *Theban* Dame,
Dreadfully gay with Light'ning's pointed Flame:
Unhappy they who to his Embraces came,
One would have thought t' have heard his Cannon roar,
Ætna were torn from the *Trinacrian* Shore;

And

And freed *Typhœus* a new War did move
Againſt the upper and the nether *Jove*.
The *Nereids* trembled in their watry Bed,
In the Iſles Roots they hid their head, (fled.)
And (like the *Hollanders*) agaſt from their own Guardian

VII.

But narrow is one Element,
Compar'd to a well-form'd Soul's Extent;
Narrow the ſtarry Firmament.
Fate brings (to keep the Balance of the Age)
With Monſters equal Heroes on the Stage:
The Weſtern Sultan powerful grows,
A Torrent all things overflows;
But *Mons* in bloody Characters his fatal Limits ſhows.
You check'd the Monarch in his full Career,
Fierce *Luxemburgh* wondred, and learnt to fear;
Alas! he knew not *Offory* was there.
Sad the ripe Harveſt of his Fame he yields,
The Harveſt of ſo many bloody Fields.
To merit ſuch a Conqueror long he grew,
And gather'd Laurels to be worn by you;
Curſing juſt Heaven, dropping with bloody Sweat,
The ſad Remains withdraws of his Defeat,
And more than all his Victories he values this Retreat.

VIII.

Great Excellence oft proves dangerous to the State;
A Comet Virtue, when hung out by Fate,
To it ſelf and others Ruin does create.
But ſilent he, yet active as the Day,
Born to command, and willing to obey.

Nature

Nature to him the happy Temper gave,
All-kind he was as proſperous Love,
Gentle as *Venus'* gentleſt Dove,
In Fight beyond a fancy'd Hero brave.
Thou Virgin Mother-Church, which now doſt ride
The ſwelling Surges of a double Tide,
Safe only becauſe daſh'd on either ſide;
O what a Friend now in thy day
Hath Fate in *Oſſory* ſnatch'd away!
And ye who holy Friendſhip do adore,
His Equal you will never ſee, before
You *Oſſory* ſhall in Heaven rejoin, ne'er to be parted more.

IX.

Accurſed Fever, Death's * ſharp-poiſoned Dart,
Accurſed Fruit, accurſed Earth,
Which to the fatal Tree gave Birth:
What Mine of ſtrange Confuſion have you laid
In the moſt regular Breaſt that e'er was made?
Thoſe Eyes, from which ſwift Lightning once did part,
To melt the temper'd Steel, or harder Heart,
Like waſting Meteors now portend,
With blood-ſhot Beams his own approaching End.
The Seat where Honour's Records lay,
Where was deſign'd the Fall of *Africa*,
(Scarce Heaven's Decrees more firmly ſet than they)
Like Parchments in the Fire now ſhrunk away.
Thoſe † Purple Waves, which like the *Nile*,
From his undiſcover'd Head,
Health and freſh Honours on its Soil did ſhed,
And bid all *Egypt* ſmile;

* Febris acuta, virulenta.
† *His Blood.*

Now

Now with *Veſuvian* Waves ſcorch all their way,
And to the ‖ *King* o'th' little World a mortal Tribute pay.

X.

Injuſtly we accuſe the Sovereign Law,
Which all things to their proper place does draw:
Full ripe for Heaven he ſpurn'd the Earth,
The monumental Seat of miſcall'd Birth.
No Art, no Violence can controul
(Though on it *Oſſa* you, and *Pelion* roll)
Th' aſcending Motion of a heaven-born Soul.
His Fever like *Elias'* fiery Carr,
(Whilſt the ſad Prophets mourn him from afar)
Kindled his Funeral Pile into a Star.
Others may praiſe the Feats of mortal Breath,
But I the Opportunity of Death.
He ſaw not popular Fury threat the Stage,
Nor Epidemick Madneſs ſeize the Age:
He liv'd not till his Wreaths did grow
Wither'd and pale upon his Brow,
As *Pompey* and great *Scipio.*
Few, Heaven's choice Favourites, the privilege have
To bring their Fame untainted to their Grave.
Who the wild Paſſions knows of Human Kind,
Fortune and falſe Mortality
This Truth will find,
When wanted moſt and beſt belov'd, 'tis happieſt then to die.

‖ *His Heart.*

Upon

Upon the Death of his Grace the late Duke of Ormond. Anno 1687.

By the ſame Author.

REligious Diſcord, Fury of this Iſle,
A little Truce, ceaſe your harſh Notes awhile!
Honour, Religion, Virtue, Learning, all
Demand our Tears at their Great Patron's Fall.
Whilſt ſlight Court-Meteors, ſoon advancing high,
Short-liv'd too long, once ſeen neglected die:
At Eighty Years *Ormond*'s propitious Light
Seems immaturely raviſh'd from our ſight:
Some proſperous Star torn from his native Sphere,
Would cauſe ſuch Wonder and Confuſion there.
The Virtues of four Reigns he kept intire,
Fin'd from the Droſs, as Gold by Chymick Fire.
Exalted Virtues, which here want a Name,
Too weighty for the labouring Wings of Fame!
Of antient Honour, Loyalty, and Truth,
The nobleſt Standard for our wandring Youth.
Thus whilſt the Patriarch liv'd, who paſs'd the Flood,
The Jewiſh State by antient Maxims ſtood;
But he once gone, the baſe degenerate Age
Sunk to its old Apoſtacy and Rage.
Some have in Courts, others in Camps been great,
In Buſineſs ſome, ſome in a wiſe Retreat;

Ormond

Ormond in all, his vaſt imperious Mind
Excell'd in each, as if to one confin'd:
All Times of Life, all Stations he could grace,
The diſtant Poles of Goodneſs did embrace,
With crouding Lights fill'd all the glorious Space.
Thro ſeveral Climes he a bright Courſe did run,
Kind as th' enlivening Progreſs of the Sun.
Warm'd by his Beams, even ſad *Hibernia*'s Iſle
Look'd up, and chear'd her Viſage with a Smile;
Mov'd *Britain*'s Envy: but, her Patron dead,
Deep in his Fens, her Genius ſinks his Head.
Oxford, which, during this *Apollo*'s Reign,
Rival'd your Siſter, and improv'd your Vein;
If you juſt Tribute to his Hearſe deny,
Your Swans fall ſpecchleſs, and your Streams be dry:
Some grateful Voice his glorious Life ſhall ſing,
More above Subjects than beneath a King.

To his Grace the preſent Duke.

THIS *Atlas* gone, what Hero does remain,
The pondrous Maſs of Honours to ſuſtain?
'Tis you, Great Sir; his Rights, his Vertues too,
(That beſt Succeſſion!) are devolv'd on you:
Your Mind well-ballaſt, bears the proſperous Gales,
They cannot over-ſet, ſcarce fill your Sails.
What a fair ſteddy Courſe you ſteer along
Thro *Scylla*'s Barkings, and falſe *Syrens* Song!
Your Friendſhip not debas'd by treacherous Art,
Your Actions ſpeak the Language of your Heart.

Fortune

Fortune deſpairs, or flattering, or unkind,
To daunt your Courage, or corrupt your Mind.
Some plac'd in fooliſh Pride's new tottering Seat,
Grow leſs from little, labouring to look great:
Such do not riſe, but weigh great Titles down,
Their miſplac'd Coronets but eclipſe the Crown:
Whilſt your digeſted Honour eaſy lies,
Came as a Debt, not taken by Surprize.
Thus Torrents, Creatures of the Winter Sky,
O'erflow whilſt hurtful, in the Heats grow dry:
But ſacred *Nile*, warm'd by the riſing Sun,
With him a thouſand Leagues from his high Source does run;
With a rich Deluge all the Plains does bleſs:
Egypt were ruin'd, if his Streams were leſs.

The Earl of Rocheſter's *Anſwer to a Paper of Verſes ſent him by* L. B. Felton, *and taken out of the Tranſlation of* Ovid's *Epiſtles*, 1680.

WHAT ſtrange Surprize to meet ſuch Words as theſe?
Such Terms of Horrour were ne'er choſe to pleaſe:
To meet, midſt Pleaſures of a jovial Night,
Words that can only give Amaze and Fright,
No gentle Thought that does to Love invite.
Were it not better for your Arms t' employ,
Graſping a Lover in purſuit of Joy,
Than handling Sword and Pen, Weapons unfit?
Your Sex gains Conqueſt, by their Charms and Wit.

Of Writers ſlain I could with pleaſure hear,
Approve of Fights, o'er-joy'd to cauſe a Tear;
So ſlain, I mean, that ſhe ſhou'd ſoon revive,
Pleas'd in my Arms to find her ſelf alive.

To a very Young Lady.

By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

SWeeteſt Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Froſt decay
Th' early Glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchleſs Face;
But kindly opening, like the Roſe,
Freſh Beauties every day diſcloſe,
Such as by Nature are not ſhown
In all the Bloſſoms ſhe has blown.
And then what Conqueſt ſhall you make,
Who Hearts already daily take?
Scorch'd in the Morning with thy Beams,
How ſhall we bear thoſe ſad Extremes,
Which muſt attend thy threatning Eyes,
When thou ſhalt to thy Noon ariſe?

The Forſaken Miſtreſs:
A DIALOGUE.

By the ſame Author.

Phil. TELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly:
Does my Love thy Love deſtroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.
Stay, O ſtay, and I will feign
(Though I break my Heart) Diſdain;
But leſt I too unkind appear,
For every Frown I'll ſhed a Tear.
And if in vain I court thy Love,
Let mine, at leaſt, thy Pity move:
Ah while I ſcorn, vouchſafe to woo,
Methinks you may diſſemble too.

Streph. Ah *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive
A way to keep my Love alive;
But all your other Charms muſt fail,
When Kindneſs ceaſes to prevail.
Alas! no leſs than you I grieve,
My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court, be kind,

One Beauty able to renew
Thoſe Pleaſures I enjoy in you,
When Love and Youth did both conſpire
To fill our Breaſts and Veins with Fire.
'Tis true, ſome other Nymph may gain
That Heart which merits your Diſdain;
But ſecond Love has ſtill allay,
The Joys grow aged, and decay:
Then blame me not for loſing more
Than Love and Beauty can reſtore;
And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer love.

The Divided Heart.

By the ſame Author.

AH! *Celia*, that I were but ſure
Thy Love, like mine, cou'd ſtill endure;
That Time and Abſence, which deſtroy
The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,
Cou'd never rob me of that part
Which you have given me of your Heart:
Others unenvy'd might poſſeſs
Whole Hearts, and boaſt that Happineſs.
'Twas nobler Fortune to divide
The *Roman* Empire in her Pride,
Than on ſome low and barb'rous Throne,
Obſcurely plac'd to rule alone.

Love

Love only from thy Heart exacts
The ſeveral Debts thy Face contracts,
And by that new and juſter way,
Secures thy Empire and his Sway:
Fav'ring but one, he might compel
The hopeleſs Lover to rebel.
But ſhou'd he other Hearts thus ſhare,
That in the whole ſo worthleſs are;
Shou'd into ſeveral Squadrons draw
That Strength, which kept intire cou'd awe;
Men would his ſcatter'd Powers deride,
And conqu'ring him thoſe Spoils divide.

To Mr. J. N. *on his Tranſlations out of* French *and* Italian.

By the ſame Author.

WHILE others toil, our Country to ſupply
With what we need only for Luxury;
Spices, and Silk, in the rich Eaſt provide,
To glut our Avarice, and feed our Pride:
You foreign Learning proſperouſly tranſmit,
To raiſe our Virtue, and provoke our Wit.
Such brave Deſigns your gen'rous Soul inflame
To be a bold Adventurer for Fame:
How much oblig'd are *Italy* and *France*,
While with your Voice their Muſick you advance?

Your growing Fame with Envy can oppoſe,
Who ſing with no leſs Art than they compoſe.
In theſe Attempts ſo few have had ſucceſs,
Their Beauties ſuffer in our *Engliſh* Dreſs;
By artleſs Hands ſpoil'd of their native Air,
They ſeldom paſs from moderately fair:
As if you meant theſe Injuries to atone,
You give them Charms more conqu'ring than their own.
Not like the dull laborious Flatterer,
With ſecret Art thoſe Graces you confer:
The skilful Painters with ſlight Strokes impart
That ſubtle Beauty which affects the Heart.
There are, who publickly profeſs they hate
Tranſlations, and yet all they write tranſlate;
So proud, they ſcorn to drive a lawful Trade,
Yet by their Wants are ſhameleſs Pirates made:
Theſe you incenſe, while you their Thefts reveal,
Or elſe prevent in what they meant to ſteal
From all beſides: you are ſecure of Praiſe,
But you ſo high our Expectation raiſe,
A gen'ral Diſcontent we ſhall declare,
If ſuch a Workman only ſhould repair.
You to the Dead your Piety have ſhewn,
Adorn'd their Monuments, now build your own.
Drawn in the Eaſt, we in your Lines may trace
That Genius which of old inſpir'd the Place:
The baniſh'd Muſes back to *Greece* you bring,
Where their beſt Airs you ſo divinely ſing;
The World muſt own they are by you reſtor'd
To ſacred Shades, where they were firſt ador'd.

Voiture's Urania.

By the ſame Author.

HOpeleſs I languiſh out my Days,
Struck with *Urania*'s conqu'ring Eyes:
The Wretch at whom ſhe darts theſe Rays,
Muſt feel the Wound until he dies.

Though endleſs be her Cruelty,
Calling her Beauties to my mind;
I bow beneath her Tyranny,
And dare not murmur ſhe's unkind.

Reaſon this Tameneſs does upbraid,
Proff'ring to arm in my defence;
But when I call her to my aid,
She's more a Traytor than my Senſe.

No ſooner I the War declare,
But ſtrait her Succour ſhe denies;
And joining Forces with the Fair,
Confirms the Conqueſt of her Eyes.

To SYLVIA.

By the ſame Author.

THE Nymph that undoes me, is fair and unkind,
No leſs than a Wonder by Nature deſign'd;
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
And the Cauſe of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit ſtill obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Bluſh, and the Smell of the Roſe:
Love and Deſtiny both attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown ſhe can kill.

The deſperate Lover can hope no redreſs,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in exceſs;
In *Sylvia* they meet, ſo unhappy am I,
Who ſees her muſt love, and who loves her muſt die.

To CELIA.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

AS in thoſe Nations where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their Aid implore,
'Tis not the Workman, nor the precious Wood,
But 'tis the Worſhipper that makes the *God:*
So, cruel Fair, tho Heaven has given thee all
We Mortals Virtue, or can Beauty call;
'Tis we that give the Thunder to your Frowns,
Darts to your Eyes, and to our ſelves the Wounds.
Without our Love, which proudly you deride,
Vain were your *Beauty*, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd Beings that the World can ſhow,
Still to ſome meaner thing their Greatneſs owe:
Subjects make Kings, and we (the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers) conſtitute thy Reign.
This difference only Beauty's Realm may boaſt,
Where moſt it favours, it enſlaves the moſt;
And they to whom it is indulgent found,
Are ever in the rudeſt Fetters bound.
What Tyrant yet, but thee, was ever known
Cruel to thoſe that ſerv'd to make him one?
Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour join'd;
And Beauty a Diſeaſe, when 'tis not kind.

The Submiſſion.

By the ſame Author.

AH! pardon, Madam, if I ever thought
Your ſmalleſt Favours could too dear be bought;
And the juſt Greatneſs of your Servants Flame,
I did the Poorneſs of their Spirits name;
Calling their due Attendance, Slavery,
Your Power of Life and Death, flat Tyranny:
Since now I yield, and do confeſs, there is
No way too hard that leads to ſuch a Bliſs.
So when *Hippomanes* beheld the Race,
Where Loſs was Death, and Conqueſt but a Face,
He ſtood amazed at the fatal Striſe,
Wondring that Love ſhould dearer be than Life.
But when he ſaw the Prize, no longer ſtaid,
But through thoſe very Dangers ſought the Maid,
And won her too: O may his Conqueſt prove
A happy Omen to my purer Love:
Which if the Honour of all Victory
In the Reſiſtance of the Vanquiſh'd lie,
Though it may be the leaſt regarded Prize,
Is not the ſmalleſt Trophy of your Eyes.

Con-

Conſtancy.

By the ſame Author.

FEAR not, my Dear, a Flame can never die,
That is once kindled by ſo bright an Eye.
Look on thy ſelf, and meaſure thence my Love,
Think what a Paſſion ſuch a Form muſt move:
For tho thy Beauty firſt allur'd my Sight,
Yet now I look on it but as the Light
That led me to the Treaſury of thy Mind,
Whoſe inward Virtue in that Feature ſhin'd.
That Knot (be confident) will ever laſt,
Which Fancy ty'd, and Reaſon has made faſt;
So faſt, that Time (altho it may diſarm
Thy lovely Face) my Faith can never harm;
And Age, deluded when it comes, will find
My Love remov'd, and to thy Soul aſſign'd.
The Paſſion I have now, ſhall ne'er grow leſs;
No, tho thy own fair ſelf ſhould it oppreſs:
I cou'd e'en hazard my Eternity,
Love but again, and 'twill a Heaven be.

The Indifference.

By the ſame Author.

THANKS, fair *Urania*, to your Scorn,
I now am free as I was born;
Of all the Pain that I endur'd,
By your late Coldneſs I am cur'd.

In loſing me, proud Nymph, you loſe
The humbleſt Slave your Beauty knows;
In loſing you, I but throw down
A cruel Tyrant from her Throne.

I muſt confeſs I ne'er could find
Your Equal, or in Shape, or Mind;
Y'ave Beauty, Wit, and all Things know,
But where you ſhould your Love beſtow.

I unawares my Freedom gave,
And to thoſe Tyrants grew a Slave;
But would y'ave kept what you have won,
You ſhould have more Compaſſion ſhewn.

Love is a Burden, which two Hearts,
When equally they bear their Parts,
With pleaſure carry; but no one,
Alas! can bear it long alone.

I'm not of thoſe who court their Pain,
And make an Idol of Diſdain;
My Hope in Love does ne'er expire,
But I loſe alſo the Deſire.

Nor yet of thoſe, who ill receiv'd,
Would gladly have ſtrange Things believ'd;
And if your Heart you do defend,
Their Force againſt your Honour bend.

Whoe'er does make her Victor leſs,
His own low Weakneſs does confeſs:
And whilſt her Pow'r he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own Shame;

Even that Malice does betray,
And ſpeak Concern another way:
And all ſuch Scorn in Men is but
The Smoke of Fires ill put out.

He's ſtill in Torment, whom the Rage
To vile Detraction does engage;
In Love, *Indifference* is ſure
The only Sign of perfect Cure.

Yet, cruel Fair, if thou canſt prove
As happy in ſome other Love,
As I could once have done in thine,
The Sun on happier does not ſhine.

A Paſtoral Dialogue.

By the ſame Author.

THYRSIS.

STREPHON! O *Strephon!* once the jollieſt Lad,
That with ſhrill Pipe did ever Mountain glad,
Whilome the foremoſt at our rural Plays,
The Pride and Glory of our Holidays:
Why doſt thou now ſit muſing all alone,
Teaching the Turtles yet a ſadder Groan?
Well'd with thy Tears, why does the neighb'ring Brook
Bear to the Ocean what ſhe never took?
Why do our Woods, ſo us'd to hear thee ſing,
With nothing now but with thy Sorrows ring?
Thy Flocks are well and fruitful, and no Swain
Than thee more welcome to the Hill or Plain.

STREPHON.

No Loſs of theſe, or Care of thoſe are left,
Hath wretched *Strephon* of his Peace bereſt;
I could invite the Wolf, my cruel Gueſt,
And play unmov'd, while he on all did feaſt:
I could endure that every Swain out-run,
Out-threw, out-wreſtled, and each Nymph ſhould ſhun
The hapleſs *Strephon:* But the Gods, I find,
To no ſuch Trifles have this Heart deſign'd.

A feller Grief, and ſadder Loſs, I plain,
Than ever Shepherd, or did Prince ſuſtain:
Bright *Galatea*, in whoſe matchleſs Face
Sat rural Innocence with Heavenly Grace,
In whoſe no leſs to be adored Mind,
With equal Light, even diſtant Virtues ſhin'd;
Chaſte, without Pride; tho gentle, yet not ſoft,
Not always cruel, nor yet kind too oft:
Fair Goddeſs of theſe Fields, who for our Sports,
Tho ſhe might well become deſpiſed Courts,
Belov'd of all, and loving one alone,
Is from my Sight, I fear, for ever gone.
Now I am ſure thou wonder'ſt not I grieve,
But rather art amazed that I live.

THYRSIS.

Thy Caſe indeed is pitiful, but yet
Thou on thy Loſs too great a Prize doſt ſet;
Women, like Days are, *Strephon*, ſome be far
More bright and glorious than others are:
Yet none ſo wonderful were ever ſeen,
But by as fair they have ſucceeded been.

STREPHON.

Others as fair, and may as worthy prove,
But ſure I never ſhall another love:
Her bright Idea wanders in my Thought,
At once my Poiſon, and my Antidote.
The Stag ſhall ſooner with the Eagle ſoar,
Seas leave their Fiſhes naked on the Shore;
The Wolf ſhall ſooner by the Lambkin die,
And from the Kid the hungry Lion fly;

Than

Than I forget her Face: what once I love,
May from my Eyes, but not my Heart remove.

To a Lady, who fled the Sight of him.

By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

IF I my *Celia* could perſuade
To ſee thoſe Wounds her Eyes have made,
And hear, whilſt I that Paſſion tell,
Which, like her ſelf, does ſo excel;
How ſoon we might be freed from Care?
She need not fear, nor I deſpair.
Such Beauty does the Nymph protect,
That all approach her with Reſpect:
And can I offer Violence,
Where Love does join in her Defence?
This Guard might all her Fears diſperſe,
Did ſhe with Savages converſe.
Then my *Celia* would ſurprize
With what's produc'd by her own Eyes;
Thoſe matchleſs Flames which they inſpire
In her own Breaſt, ſhould raiſe a Fire
For Love; but with more ſubtle Art,
As well as Beauty charms the Heart.

To a Lady, asking him how long he would love her.

By the ſame Author.

IT is not, *Celia*, in our Power
To ſay how long our Love will laſt;
It may be we, within this Hour,
May loſe thoſe Joys we now do taſte:
The Bleſſed, that immortal be,
From Change in Love are only free.

Then, ſince we mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our Love will laſt;
But while it does, let us take care
Each Minute be with Pleaſure paſt:
Were it not Madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe w'are ſure to die?

To Mr. G. Granville, *on his Verſes to the* KING.

By Mr. EDMUND WALLER.

AN early Plant, which ſuch a Bloſſom bears,
And ſhows a Genius ſo beyond his Years;
A Judgment which could make ſo fair a Choice,
So high a Subject to employ his Voice:
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing Greatneſs of our matchleſs King?

To Mr. WALLER.

By Mr. G. GRANVILLE.

WHEN into *Lybia* the young *Grecian* came,
To talk with *Hammon*, and conſult for Fame;
When from the ſacred Tripod where he ſtood,
The Prieſt inſpir'd, ſaluted him a God;
Scarce ſuch a Joy that haughty Victor knew,
When own'd by Heaven, as I thus ſung by you.
Whoe'er their Names can in thy Numbers ſhow,
Have more than Empire, and immortal grow:

Ages

Ages to come ſhall ſcorn the Pow'rs of old,
When in thy Verſe of Greater Gods they're told,
Our beauteous Queen, and martial Monarch's Name,
For *Jove* and *Juno* ſhall be plac'd by Fame:
Thy *Charles*, for *Neptune*, ſhall the Seas command,
And *Sachariſſa* ſhall for *Venus* ſtand.
Greece ſhall no longer boaſt, nor haughty *Rome*,
But think from *Britain* all the Gods did come.

On MYRA's *Singing.*

By the ſame Author.

THE *Syrens*, once deluded, vainly charm'd,
Ty'd to the Maſt, *Ulyſſes* ſail'd unharm'd:
Had *Myra*'s Voice entic'd his liſt'ning Ear,
The *Greek* had ſtop'd, and would have dy'd to hear.
When *Myra* ſings, we ſeek th' enchanting Sound,
And bleſs the Notes that do ſo ſweetly wound.
What Muſick needs muſt dwell upon that Tongue,
Whoſe Speech is tuneful, as another's Song:
Such Harmony, ſuch Wit, a Face ſo fair,
So many pointed Arrows, who can bear?
Who from her Wit, or from her Beauty flies,
If with her Voice ſhe overtakes him, dies.
Like Soldiers, ſo in Battel we ſucceed,
One Peril 'ſcaping, by another bleed:
In vain the Dart, or glittering Sword we ſhun,
Condemn'd to periſh by the ſlaughtering Gun.

In

In Praiſe of MYRA.

By the ſame Author.

I.

TUNE, tune thy Lyre: Begin my Muſe, (chuſe?
What Nymph? what Queen? what Goddeſs ſhall we
Whoſe Praiſes ſing? what Charmer's Name
Tranſmit immortal down to Fame?
Strike, ſtrike thy Strings; let Echo take the Sound,
And bear it far to all the Mountains round:
Pindus again ſhall hear, again rejoice,
And *Hæmus* too, as when th' enchanting Voice
Of tuneful *Orpheus* charm'd the Grove,
Taught Oaks to dance, and made the Cedars move.

II.

Nor *Venus*, nor *Diana* will we name,
Myra is *Venus* and *Diana* too;
All that was feign'd of them, apply'd to her, is true:
Then ſing, my Muſe, let *Myra* be our Theme.
As when the Shepherds do their Garland make,
They ſearch, with Pains, the fragrant Meadows round,
Plucking but here and there, and only take
The choiceſt Flow'rs with which ſome Nymph is crown'd.
In framing *Myra* ſo divinely fair,
Nature has taken the ſame Care;

All

All that is lovely, noble, good, we ſee,
All-beauteous *Myra*, all bound up in thee.

III.

Where *Myra* is, there is the Queen of Love,
Th' *Arcadian* Paſtures, and the *Cyprian* Grove.
When *Myra* walks, ſo charming is her Mien,
In every Movement, every Grace is ſeen.
When *Myra* ſpeaks, ſo juſt's the Senſe and ſtrong,
So ſweet the Voice, 'tis like the Muſe's Song.
Place me on Mountains of eternal Snow,
Where all is Ice, all Winter Winds that blow:
Or caſt me underneath the burning Line,
Where everlaſting Sun does ſhine;
Where all is ſcoreh'd——Whatever you decree,
Ye Gods, wherever I ſhall be,
Myra ſhall ſtill be lov'd, and ſtill ador'd by me.

SONG.

By the ſame Author.

PREPAR'D to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd Maid;
What is it awes my timorous Heart?
Why is my Tongue afraid?

With the leaſt Glance a little kind,
Such wond'rous Pow'r have *Myra*'s Charms!
She quells my Doubts, enſlaves my Mind,
And all my Rage diſarms.

Forgetful of her broken Vows,
When gazing on that Form Divine,
Her injur'd Vaſſal, trembling bows,
Nor dares her Slave repine.

SONG.

By the ſame Author.

I.

WHILE *Phillis* is drinking Love and Wine in Al. (liance,
With Forces united bid reſiſtleſs Defiance:
By the Touch of her Lips the Sparkles fly higher,
And her Eyes, from her Drinking, redouble their Fire.

II.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by ſprinkling revive with freſh Odour:
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more enduring.

III.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and Deſiring:
Relieving each other, the Pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever a taſting.

IV.

IV.

Then *Phillis*, begin, let our Raptures abound,
And a Kiſs and a Glaſs be ſtill going round:
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love.

SONG.

By the ſame Author.

SO ſmooth and ſo ſerene but now,
What means this Change on *Myra*'s Brow?
Her Aguiſh Love now glows and burns,
Then chills, and ſhakes, and the cold Fit returns.

Mock'd with deluding Vows and Smiles,
When on her Pity I depend,
My airy Hope ſhe ſoon beguiles,
And laughs to ſee my Labours never end.

So up the ſteepy Hill with Pain,
The weighty Stone is roll'd in vain;
Which having touch'd the Top, recoils,
And leaves the Labourer * to renew his Toils.

* Siſyphus.

VERSES *ſent from an Unknown Hand, to Mr.* G. Granville, *in the Country.*

WHY, *Granville*, is thy Life confin'd
To Shades, thou whom the Gods deſign'd
In publick, to do Credit to Mankind?
Why ſleeps the noble Ardour of thy Blood,
Which from thy Anceſtors, ſo many Ages paſt,
From *Rollo* down to *Bevil* flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt
In thee, when thy victorious Lance
Bore the diſputed Prize from all the Youth of *France*?
In the firſt Trials, which are made for Fame,
Thoſe to whom Fate Succeſs denies,
If taking Counſel from their Shame,
They modeſtly retreat, they're wiſe.
But why ſhould you, who ſtill ſucceed
In all you do, whether with graceful Art you lead
The fiery Barb, or with as graceful Motion tread
At ſhining Balls, where all agree
To give the higheſt Praiſe, and the firſt Place to thee?
So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Why, why ſhould you from Courts or Camps retire?
If *Celia* is unkind (if it can be,
That any Nymph can be unkind to thee)
If penſive made by Love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muſe, and ſtring your Lyre;

Thy

Thy tender Song, and thy melodious Strain,
Can never be addreſs'd in vain;
She needs will love, and we ſhall have thee back again.

Occaſion'd by the foregoing VERSES.

By Mr. G. GRANVILLE.

WHOE'ER thou art, who tempt'ſt in ſuch a Strain,
Sweet is thy *Syren* Song, but ſung in vain:
When the Winds blow, and loud the Billows roar,
What Fool would put to Sea, and quit the Shore?
Early and vain into the World I came,
Big with falſe Hopes, and eager after Fame;
Till looking round me, e'er the Race began,
Madmen and giddy Fools were all that ran:
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the Liſts retire,
And thank the Gods who my Retreat inſpire.
Look round the World, and with impartial Eyes
Conſider and examine all that riſe;
Weigh well their Actions, and their treacherous Ends,
How Greatneſs grows, and by what Steps aſcends;
What Murders, Treaſons, Perjuries, Deceit,
How many fall to make one Monſter great.
Would you command? have Fortune in your Power?
Hug whom you ſtrike, and ſmile when you devour;
Be bloody, falſe, flatter, forſwear, and lye,
Turn Pandar, Pathick, Paraſite, or Spy:

Such thriving Arts may your wiſh'd purpoſe bring,
At leaſt a General be———perhaps a King.
Fortune we moſt unjuſtly partial call,
A Miſtreſs free, who bids alike to all:
But on ſuch Terms, as only ſute the Baſe,
Honour denies, and ſhuns the foul Embrace.
The honeſt Man, who ſtarves and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his Virtue keeps him down.
Had *Cato* bent beneath the conquering Cauſe,
He might have liv'd to give new Senates Laws;
But on vile Terms diſdaining to be Great,
He periſh'd by his Choice, and not his Fate.
Honours and Life th' Uſurper bids, and all
That vain miſtaken Men, Good Fortune call;
Virtue forbids, and ſets before his Eyes
An honeſt Death, which he accepts, and dies.
O glorious Reſolution! Noble Pride!
More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his Doom,
Than *Cæſar*, trampling on the Rights of *Rome*.
The Virtuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame;
And Death's a pleaſant Road, that leads to Fame.
On Bones and Scraps of Dogs let me be fed,
My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head
To bleakeſt Colds, a Kennel be my Bed:
This, and all other Martyrdom, for thee
Seems glorious all, thrice beauteous Honeſty.
Ye great Diſturbers, who in endleſs Noiſe,
In Blood and Horror ſeek unnatural Joys;
For what is all this Buſtle, but to ſhun
Thoſe Thoughts, with which you dare not be alone?

As

As Men in Miſery, oppreſs'd with Care,
Seek, in the Rage of Wine, to drown Deſpair.
Let others fight, and eat their Bread in Blood,
Not caring if the Cauſe be bad or good;
Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods
Of ſtrutting Pigmies, who would paſs for Gods:
For me, unpractis'd in the Courtier's School,
Who loath a Knave, and tremble at a Fool,
What can I hope in Courts? or how ſucceed?
Lions and Wolves ſhall in the Ocean breed,
The Whale and Dolphin in the Foreſt feed;
And every Element exchange its kind,
When thriving Honeſty in Courts we find.
Happy the Man, of Mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet Mind from vain Deſires is free;
Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment,
But lives, at peace within himſelf, content:
In Thought, or Act, accountable to none
But to himſelf, and to the Gods alone.
O Sweetneſs of Content! Seraphick Joy!
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.
Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the Mind?
Where but in Shades, remote from Human Kind;
In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet,
But never comes within the Palace-Gate?
Farewel then Cities, Camps and Courts farewel,
Welcome ye Groves, here let me ever dwell;
From Care, from Buſineſs, and Mankind remove,
All but the Muſes, and inſpiring Love.
How ſweet the Morn! How quiet is the Night!
How calm the Evening! And the Day how bright!

From hence, as from a Hill, I view below
The crouded World, which like ſome Wood does ſhow;
Where ſeveral Wanderers travel Day and Night
By ſeveral Ways, and none are in the right.

The Progreſs of Beauty.

By the ſame Author.

THE God of Day, deſcending from above,
Mix'd with the Sea, and got the Queen of Love:
Beauty that fires the World, 'twas fit ſhould riſe
From him alone, who lights the Stars and Skies.
In *Cyprus*, long by Men and Gods obey'd,
The Lovers Toil ſhe gratefully repaid,
Promiſcuous Bleſſings to her Slaves aſſign'd,
And taught the World that Beauty ſhould be kind.
Learn by this Pattern, all ye Fair, to charm;
Bright be your Beams, but without ſcorching warm.
Helen was next; from *Greece* to *Phrygia* brought,
With much Expence of Blood and Empire ſought.
Beauty and Love, the nobleſt Cauſe afford,
That can try Valour, or imploy the Sword:
Not Men alone, incited by her Charms,
But Heaven's concern'd, and all the Gods take Arms.
The glorious *Trojan*, happily poſſeſs'd,
Enjoys, and bids deſpairing Fools conteſt:
Secure, ſaid he, of that for which they fight,
Theirs be the Toil, and mine be the Delight.

Your dull Reflections, Moraliſts forbear,
His Title's beſt who beſt can pleaſe the Fair.
Ten Years, a glorious Space! he kept his hold;
Nor loſt, till Beauty was decay'd and old,
And Love, by long poſſeſſion, pall'd and cold.
And now the Gods, in pity to the Cares,
The fierce Deſires, Diviſions, and Deſpairs
Of tortur'd Men, while Beauty was confin'd,
Reſolv'd to multiply the charming Kind.
Greece was the Land where this bright Race begun,
And ſaw a thouſand Rivals to the Sun:
Hence follow'd Arts, each ſtudying with Care
Some new Production to delight the Fair.
To bright *Egeria*, *Socrates* retir'd;
His Wiſdom grew but as his Love inſpir'd:
Thoſe Rocks and Oaks that ſuch Emotions felt,
Were cruel Maids, whom *Orpheus* taught to melt.
Muſick and Songs, and every Way to move
The raviſh'd Heart, were owing all to Love.
The Gods, entic'd by ſo divine a Birth,
Deſcend from Heaven, to this new Heaven on Earth;
Thy Wit, O *Mercury*, 's no Defence from Love,
Nor *Mars* thy Armour, nor thy Thunder *Jove*.
The mad Immortals, in a thouſand Shapes,
Range the wide Globe, ſome yield, ſome ſuffer Rapes,
Invaded, or deceiv'd, not one eſcapes.
The Wife, tho a bright Goddeſs, thus gives place
To Mortals, Miſtreſſes of freſh Embrace;
By ſuch Examples were we taught to ſee
The Life and Soul of Love's Variety.
In thoſe firſt Times, e'er charming Womankind
Reform'd their Pleaſures, poliſhing the Mind;

Rude were their Revels, and obſcene their Joys,
The Broils of Drunkards, and the Luſts of Boys:
Phœbus laments for *Hyacinthus* dead;
And *Juno*, jealous, ſtorms at *Ganymed*.
Return, my Muſe, and cloſe that odious Scene,
Nor ſtain thy Verſe with Images unclean:
Of Beauty ſing, her ſhining Progreſs view,
From Clime to Clime the dazling Light purſue;
Tell how ſhe ſpread, and how in Empire grew.
From *Greece* to *Africk* Beauty takes her flight,
And ripens with her near Approach to Light:
Frown not, ye Fair, to hear of ſwarthy Dames,
With radiant Eyes, that take unerring Aims;
Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd,
Is of all Colours, and by none defin'd:
Jewels that ſhine, in Gold or Silver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in Jet.
Here, *Cleopatra*, with a liberal Heart,
Bounteous of Love, improv'd the Joy with Art:
The firſt who taught recruited Slaves to know,
That the rich Pearl was of more uſe than Show;
Who with high Meats, or a luxurious Draught,
Kept Love for ever flowing, and full fraught.
Julius and *Anthony*, thoſe Lords of all,
Lo! at her Feet preſent the conquer'd Ball:
Thoſe dreadful Eagles that had fac'd the Sun
From Pole to Pole, at length fall dazled down.
Her dying Truth ſome generous Tears would coſt,
Had not her Fate inſpir'd, * *The World well loſt.*

* All for Love, or the World well loſt; *written by Mr.* Dryden.

With

With ſecret Pride the raviſh'd Muſes view
The Image of that Death which *Dryden* drew.
Pleas'd in this happy Climate, warm and bright,
Love for ſome Ages revels with Delight:
The martial *Moors*, in Gallantry refin'd,
Invent new Arts to make their Charmers kind.
See! in the Liſts which golden Barriers bound,
In warlike Ranks they wait the Trumpet's Sound;
Some Love-Device is wrought on every Sword,
And every Ribbond bears ſome myſtick Word.
As when we ſee the winged Winds engage,
Mounted on Courſers foaming Flame and Rage;
One Cloud repuls'd, new Combatants prepare
To meet as fierce, and form a thund'ring War.
So, at the Trumpet's Call, advancing high
Their golden Spears, the Heroes ſeem to fly,
So meet, and ſo renew the skilful Fight,
Each fair Beholder trembling for her Knight:
Still as one falls, another ruſhes in,
And all muſt be o'ercome, or none can win;
The Victor from the ſhining Dame, whoſe Eyes
Aided his conquering Arm, receives a Prize.
Thus flouriſh'd Love, and Beauty reign'd in State,
Till the proud *Spaniard* gave their Glories Date:
But tho theſe matchleſs Gallantries are paſt,
Yet the Deſcription ſhall for ever laſt;
Granada * loſt has ſeen her Pomps reſtor'd,
And *Almahide* once more by Kings ador'd.
Love, driven thence, to colder *Britain* flies,
And with bright Eyes the diſtant Sun ſupplies:

* Conqueſt of *Granada*, *by Mr.* Dryden. *The Part of* Almahide *acted by Mrs.* Ellen Gwin.

Romances, that relate the dreadful Fights,
The Loves and Proweſs of advent'rous Knights,
To animate their Rage, a Kiſs record
From *Britain*'s faireſt Nymphs, was the Reward.
Thus antient to Love's Empire, is the Claim
Of *Engliſh* Beauty, and ſo wide the Fame;
Which like our Flag upon the Seas, gives Law,
By Right avow'd, and keeps the World in awe.
Our gallant Kings, of whom long Annals prove
The mighty Deeds, ſtand as renown'd for Love:
A Monarch's Right o'er Beauty they may claim,
Lords of that Ocean from whence Beauty came.
Thy *Roſamond*, Great *Henry*, on the Stage
By a late Muſe preſented in our Age,
With aking Hearts and flowing Eyes we view,
While that diſſembled Death recalls the true;
In *Bracegirdle*, the Perſons ſo agree,
That all ſeems real the Spectators ſee.
Of *Scots* and *Gauls* defeated, and their Kings
Thy Captives, *Edward*, Fame for ever ſings;
Like thy high Deeds, thy noble Loves are prais'd,
Who haſt to Love the nobleſt Trophy rais'd:
Thy Statues *Venus*, tho by *Phidia*'s Hand,
Deſign'd Immortal, yet no longer ſtand:
The Magick of thy ſhining *Zone* is paſt,
But *Salisbury*'s Garter ſhall for ever laſt,
Which thro the World, by living Monarchs worn,
Adds Grace to Scepters, and does Crowns adorn.
If ſuch their Fame, who gave thoſe Rites divine
To ſacred Love, O what Diſhonour's thine,

Forgetful Queen, * who ſever'd that bright Head
Which charm'd two mighty Monarchs to its Bed!
Had'ſt thou been born a Man, thou had'ſt not err'd,
Thy Fame had liv'd, and Beauty been preferr'd;
But ah! what mighty Magick can aſſuage
A Woman's Envy, and a Bigot's Rage!
Love tir'd at length, Love that delights to ſmile,
Flying from Scenes of Horrour, quits our Iſle;
With *Charles*, the Cupids and the Graces gone,
In Exile live, for Love and he were one:
With *Charles* he wanders, and for *Charles* he mourns,
But O how fierce the Joy when *Charles* returns!
As eager Flames with Oppoſition ſpent,
Break out impetuous, when they find a vent;
As a fierce Torrent, hinder'd in its Race,
Forcing its Way, rolls with redoubled Pace:
From the loud Palace, to the ſilent Grove,
All, by the King's Example, live and love:
The Muſes with diviner Voices ſing,
And all rejoice, to pleaſe the Godlike King.
Then *Waller* in immortal Verſe proclaims
The ſhining Court, and all the glittering Dames:
Thy Beauty, † *Sydney*, like *Achilles'* Sword,
Reſiſtleſs ſtands, upon as ſure Record;
The foremoſt Hero, and the brighteſt Dame,
Both ſung alike, ſhall have their Fate the ſame.
And now, my Muſe, a nobler Song prepare,
And ſing it loud, that Heaven and Earth may hear:

---

* Mary *Queen of* Scots, *put to death by Queen* Elizabeth.
† *The Lady* Dorothy Sydney, *celebrated by Mr.* Waller *under the Name of* Sacharissa.

Behold from *Italy* a wandring Ray
Of moving Light illuminates the Day;
Northward ſhe bends, Majeſtically bright,
And here ſhe fixes her imperial Light.
Be bold, be bold my Muſe, nor fear to raiſe
Thy Voice to her, who was thy earlieſt Praiſe:
What! tho the ſullen Fates refuſe to ſhine,
Or frown ſevere on thy audacious Line;
Keep thy bright Theme within thy ſteddy Sight,
The Clouds ſhall fly before the dazling Light,
And everlaſting Day direct thy Flight:
Thou who haſt never yet put on Diſguiſe
To flatter Folly, or deſcend to Vice,
Let no vain Fear thy generous Ardor tame,
But ſtand upright, and ſound as loud as Fame.
As when our Eye ſome Proſpect would purſue,
Deſcending from a Hill, looks round to view,
Paſſes o'er Lawns and Meadows, till it gains
Some beauteous Spot, and fixing there remains;
With the like Rapture, my tranſported Muſe
Flies other Objects, this bright Theme to chuſe.
Princeſs ador'd and lov'd! if Verſe can give
A deathleſs Name, thine ſhall for ever live;
Invok'd where'er the *Britiſh* Lion roars,
Extended as the Seas that gird our Shores.
O happy *James!* content thy mighty Mind,
Grudg not the World, for ſtill thy Queen is kind,
To lie but at whoſe Feet more Glory brings,
Than 'tis to tread on Scepters and on Kings:
Secure of Empire in that beauteous Breaſt,
Who would not give their Crowns to be ſo bleſt?

Was *Helen* half ſo fair, ſo form'd for Joy,
Well choſe the *Trojan*, and well burnt was *Troy*:
So charming, ſo divine! 'twas juſt that ſhe
Who was Love's Queen, ſhould Queen of *Britain* be.
But ah! what ſtrange Viciſſitudes of Fate,
What Chance attends on every worldly State!
As when the Skies were ſackt, the driven Gods
Compell'd from Heaven, forſook their bleſt Abodes;
Wandring in Woods, they skulkt from Den to Den,
Or leading Flocks turn'd Hirelings to Men.
Or, as the ſtately Pine, erecting high
Her beauteous Branches, ſhooting to the Sky;
If ſtricken by the Thunderbolt of *Jove*,
Down falls at once, the Pride of all the Grove;
Level with loweſt Earth, lies the tall Head,
That rear'd aloft, as to the Clouds was ſpread:
So——
But ceaſe my Muſe, thy Colours are too faint,
Hide with a Veil thoſe Griefs that none can paint.
The Sun's retir'd——But ſee! in bright Array
What Hoſts of heavenly Light recruit the Day.
Love in a ſhining *Galaxy* appears
Triumphant ſtill, and *Grafton* leads the Stars;
Ten thouſand Loves, ten thouſand ſeveral Ways
Invade the Lookers on, who die to gaze,
Knowing our Dooms, as to the *Syren*'s Voice,
So ſweet's th' Enchantment, that our Fate's our Choice.
Who moſt reſembles her let next be nam'd,
Villers for Wiſdom, as for Beauty fam'd,
Of a high Race that conquering Beauty brings
To charm the World, and Subjects make of Kings.

Richmond's

Richmond's a Title, that but nam'd, implies
Majeſtick Graces, and victorious Eyes.
As much, O happy *Brudenell!* art thou known
By thy bright Daughter's Beauties, as thy own.
By *Eſſex*, and fair *Rutenbourg*, we find
That Beauty to no Climate is confin'd.
Rupert of royal Blood, with modeſt Grace,
Bluſhes to hear the Triumphs of her Face.
With what Delight my Muſe to *Sandwich* flies,
Whoſe Wit is piercing as her ſparkling Eyes.
Ah! how ſhe mounts, and ſpreads her airy Wings,
And tunes her Voice when ſhe of *Ormond* ſings:
Of radiant *Ormond*, only fit to be
The Succeſſor of beauteous *Oſſory*.
Holms and *St. Albans* full of Charms appear:
Hyde Venus is; the *Graces* are *Kildare*.
Careleſs, but yet ſecure of Conqueſt ſtill,
Luſon unaiming never fails to kill:
Guiltleſs of Pride, to captivate our Shine,
Bright without Art, ſhe wounds without Deſign.
But *Windham* like a Tyrant throws the Dart,
And takes a cruel Pleaſure in the Smart:
Proud of the Ravage that her Beauties make,
Delights in Wounds, and kills for killing ſake;
Aſſerting the Dominion of her Eyes,
As Heroes fight for Glory, not for Prize.
The skilful Muſes earlieſt Care has been
The Praiſe of never-fading *Mazarin*:
The * Poet and his Theme, in ſpight of Time,
For ever young, enjoy an endleſs Prime.

---

* St. Evremont.

With

With Charms ſo numerous *Myra* can ſurprize,
The Lover knows not by which Dart he dies;
So thick the Volly and the Stroke ſo ſure,
No Flight can ſave, no Remedy can cure.

Yet dawning in her Infancy of Light,
O ſee another *Brudenell*, heavenly bright,
Born to fulfil the Glories of her Line,
And fix Love's Empire in that Race Divine.

Fain would my Muſe to *Stowell* bend her Sight,
But turns aſtoniſht from the dazling Light,
Nor dares attempt to climb the ſteepy Flight.

O *Kneller!* like thy Pictures were my Song,
Clear like thy Paint, and like thy Pencil ſtrong;
Theſe Matchleſs Beauties ſhould recorded be
In Verſe immortal as thy † Gallery.

† *The Gallery of Beauties, drawn by Sir* Godfrey Kneller.

An EPISTLE *to the Right Honourable* Charles *Earl of* Dorſet *and* Middleſex, *Lord Chamberlain of His Majeſty's Houſhold. Occaſion'd by His Majeſty's Victory in* Ireland.

By the Right Honourable
CHARLES MOUNTAGUE Baron HALIFAX.

WHAT! ſhall the King the Nation's Genius raiſe,
And make us rival our Great *Edward*'s Days;
Yet not one Muſe, worthy a Conqueror's Name,
Attend his Triumphs, and record his Fame!
Oh *Dorſet!* you alone this Fault can mend,
The Muſe's Darling, Confident, and Friend:
The Poets are your Charge, and, if unfit,
You ſhou'd be fin'd to furniſh abler Wit;
Oblig'd to quit your Eaſe, and draw agen,
To paint the greateſt Hero, the beſt Pen.
A Hero, who thus early does out-ſhine
The antient Honours of his Glorious Line;
And ſoaring more ſublimely to Renown,
The Mem'ry of their Pious Triumphs drown:
Whoſe Actions are deliver'd o'er to Fame,
As Types and Figures of his greater Name.
When Fate ſome mighty Genius has deſign'd,
For the Relief and Wonder of Mankind,

Nature

Nature takes Time to anſwer the Intent,
And climbs, by ſlow degrees, the ſteep Aſcent:
She toils and labours with the growing Weight,
And watches carefully the Steps of Fate;
Till all the Seeds of Providence unite,
To ſet the Hero in a happy Light;
Then, in a lucky and propitious Hour,
Exerts her Force, and calls forth all her Pow'r.
In *Naſſau*'s Race ſhe made this long Eſſay;
Heroes and Patriots prepar'd the Way,
And promis'd in their Dawn this brighter Day:
A Publick Spirit diſtinguiſh'd all the Line;
Succeſſive Virtues in each Branch did ſhine,
Till this laſt Glory roſe, and crown'd the great Deſign.
Bleſs'd be his Name! and peaceful lie his Grave,
Who durſt his native Soil, loſt *Holland*, ſave!
But *William*'s Genius takes a wider Scope,
And gives the Injur'd, in all Kingdoms, Hope:
Born to ſubdue inſulting Tyrants Rage,
The Ornament and Terror of the Age;
The Refuge, where afflicted Nations find
Relief from thoſe Oppreſſors of Mankind,
Whom Laws reſtrain not, and no Oaths can bind.
Him, their Deliv'rer *Europe* does confeſs,
All Tongues extol, and all Religions bleſs;
The *Po*, the *Danube*, *Bætis*, and the *Rhine*,
United in his Praiſe, their Wonder join:
While in the Publick Cauſe he takes the Field,
And ſhelter'd Nations fight behind his Shield,
His Foes themſelves dare not Applauſe refuſe;
And ſhall ſuch Actions want a faithful Muſe?

Poets

Poets have this to boaſt; without their Aid
The freſheſt Laurels, nip'd by Malice, fade,
And Virtue to Oblivion is betray'd:
The proudeſt Honours have a narrow Date,
Unleſs they vindicate their Names from Fate.
But who is equal to ſuſtain the Part!
Dryden has Numbers; but he wants a Heart:
Enjoin'd a Penance (which is too ſevere
For playing once the Fool) to perſevere.
Others, who knew the Trade, have laid it down;
And, looking round, I find you ſtand alone.
How, Sir! can you, or any *Engliſh* Muſe,
Our Country's Fame, our Monarch's Arms refuſe?
'Tis not my Want of Gratitude, but Skill,
Makes me decline what I can ne'er fulfil:
I cannot ſing of Conqueſts as I ought,
And my Breath fails to ſwell a lofty Note.
I know my Compaſs, and my Muſe's Size;
She loves to ſport and play, but dares not riſe:
Idly affects in this familiar Way,
In eaſy Numbers looſely to convey,
What mutual Friendſhip wou'd at diſtance ſay.
Poets aſſume another Tone and Voice,
When Victory's their Theme, and Arms their Choice.
To follow Heroes in the Chace of Fame,
Asks Force, and Heat, and Fancy wing'd with Flame.
What Words can paint the Royal Warrior's Face?
What Colours can the Figure boldly raiſe;
When cover'd o'er with comely Duſt and Smoke,
He pierc'd the Foe, and thickeſt Squadrons broke?
His bleeding Arm, ſtill painful with the Sore,
Which, in his People's Cauſe, the pious Father bore:

Whom

Whom, cleaving through the Troops a Glorious Way,
Not the united Force of *France* and Hell could ſtay.
Oh *Dorſet!* I am rais'd, I'm all on fire!
And, if my Strength could anſwer my Deſire,
In ſpeaking Paint this Figure ſhould be ſeen,
Like *Jove* his Grandeur, and like *Mars* his Mien;
And Gods deſcending ſhould adorn the Scene.
See, ſee! upon the Bank of *Boyne* he ſtands,
By his own View adjuſting his Commands;
Calm and ſerene the armed Coaſt ſurveys,
And in cool Thoughts the diff'rent Chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
Reſolves to end the War, and fix the Throne.
From Wing to Wing the Squadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their Ranks to meet their King's Command;
The Drums and Trumpets ſleep, the ſprightly Noiſe
Of neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,
Suſpended in Attention, baniſh far
All hoſtile Sounds, and huſh the Dinn of War:
The ſilent Troops ſtretch forth an eager Look,
Liſt'ning with Joy, while thus their Gen'ral ſpoke.
Come, Fellow-Soldiers, follow me once more,
And fix the Fate of *Europe* on that Shore;
Your Courage only waits from me the Word,
But *England*'s Happineſs commands my Sword:
In her Defence I every Part will bear,
The Soldier's Danger, and the Prince's Care,
And envy any Arm an equal Share.
Set all that's dear to Men before your ſight,
For Laws, Religion, Liberty, we fight;
To ſave your Wives from Rape, your Towns from Flame,
Redeem your Country ſold, and vindicate her Name:

At whoſe Requeſt and timely Call I roſe,
To tempt my Fate, and all my Hopes expoſe;
Struggled with adverſe Storms, and Winter Seas,
That in my Labours you might find your Eaſe.
Let other Monarchs dictate from afar,
And write the empty Triumphs of their War,
In lazy Palaces ſupinely ruſt;
My Sword ſhall juſtify my People's Truſt.
For which——But I your Victory delay;
Come on, I and my Genius lead the way.
He ſaid: New Life and Joy ran thro the Hoſt,
And Senſe of Danger in their Wonder loſt;
Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,
In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men withſtood.
The King leads on, the King does all inflame,
The King——and carries Millions in the Name.
As when the ſwelling Ocean burſts his Bounds,
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighb'ring Grounds,
The roaring Deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps Cities in its Courſe, and bears whole Foreſts down;
So on the Foe the firm Batallions preſs'd,
And He, like the tenth Wave, drove on the reſt;
Fierce, Gallant, Young, He ſhot thro ev'ry Place,
Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace,
He hung upon their Rear, or lighten'd in their Face.
Stop, ſtop! brave Prince! allay that gen'rous Flame,
Enough is given to *England*, and to Fame.
Remember, Sir, you in the Center ſtand,
Europe's divided Int'reſts you command,
All their Deſigns uniting in your Hand:
Down from your Throne deſcends the golden Chain,
Which does the Fabrick of our World ſuſtain;

That

That one diſſolv'd by any fatal Stroke,
The Scheme of all our Happineſs is broke.
Stop, ſtop, brave Prince! Fleets may repair again,
And routed Armies rally on the Plain,
But Ages are requir'd to raiſe ſo great a Man!
Hear how the Waves of *French* Ambition roar,
Diſdaining Bounds, and breaking on the Shore,
Which you ordain'd to curb their wild deſtructive Pow'r.
That Strength remov'd; again, again they flow,
Lay *Europe* waſte, nor Laws, nor Limits know.
Stop, ſtop, brave Prince! what does your Muſe, Sir, faint?
Proceed, purſue his Conqueſts——Faith, I can't:
My Spirits ſink, and will no longer bear;
Rapture and Fury carry'd me thus far,
Tranſported and amaz'd.
That Rage once ſpent, I can no more ſuſtain
Your Flights, your Energies, and Tragick Strain,
But fall back to my nat'ral Pace again;
In humble Verſe, provoking you to Rhyme,
I wiſh there were more *Dorſets* at this time.
Oh! if in *France* this Hero had been born;
What glittering Tinſel would his Acts adorn?
There 'tis immortal Fame, and high Renown,
To ſteal a Country, and to buy a Town:
There Triumphs are o'er Kings and Kingdoms ſold,
And Captive Virtue led in Chains of Gold.
If Courage cou'd, like Courts, be kept in Pay,
What Sums wou'd *Louis* give, that *France* might ſay,
That Victory follow'd, where he led the Way?
He all his Conqueſts wou'd for this refund,
And take th' Equivalent, a Glorious Wound.

Then

Then what Advice, to ſpread his real Fame,
Would paſs between *Verſailes* and *Norredame*?
Their Plays, their Songs, would dwell upon his Wound,
And Opera's repeat no other Sound;
Boyne would for Ages be the Painter's Theme,
The *Goblin*'s Labour, and the Poet's Dream;
The wounded Arm would furniſh all their Rooms,
And bleed for ever Scarlet in the Looms:
Boileau with this would plume his artful Pen,
And can your Muſe be ſilent? Think agen.
Spare your Advice; and ſince you have begun,
Finiſh your own Deſign, the Work is done.
Done! nothing's done, not the dead Colours laid,
And the moſt glorious Scenes ſtand undiſplay'd:
A thouſand gen'rous Actions cloſe the Rear;
A thouſand Virtues, ſtill behind, ſtand crouding to appear.
The Queen her ſelf, the charming Queen ſhou'd grace
The Noble Piece, and, in an artful Place,
Soften War's Horror with her lovely Face.
Who can omit the Queen's auſpicious Smile,
The Pride of the fair Sex, the Goddeſs of our Iſle?
Who can forget what all admir'd of late,
Her Fears for him, her Prudence for the State?
Diſſembling Cares, ſhe ſmooth'd her Looks with Grace,
Doubts in her Heart, and Pleaſure in her Face.
As Danger did approach, her Spirits roſe,
And, putting on the King, diſmay'd his Foes.
Now, all in Joy, ſhe gilds the chearful Court,
In ev'ry Glance deſcending Angels ſport.
As on the Hills of *Cynthus*, or the Meads
Of cool *Eurotas*, when *Diana* leads

The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance
A thouſand ſhining Maids, and form the Dance:
The ſtately Goddeſs, with a graceful Pride,
Sweet and Majeſtick, does the Figure guide;
Treading in juſt and eaſy Meaſures round
(The ſilver Arrows on her Shoulders ſound)
She walks above them all. Such is the Scene
Of the bright Circle, and the brighter Queen.

Theſe Subjects do, my Lord, your Skill command,
Theſe none may touch with an unhallow'd Hand:
Tender the Strokes muſt be, and nicely writ,
Diſguis'd Encomiums muſt be hid in Wit,
Which Modeſty, like theirs, will e'er admit;
Who made no other Steps to ſuch a Throne,
But to deſerve, and to receive the Crown.

An EPISTLE *to* Charles Mountague *Eſq; on His Majeſty's Voyage to* Holland.

By Mr. GEORGE STEPNEY.

SIR,

SINCE you oft invite me to renew
An Art I've either loſt, or never knew,
Pleas'd my paſt Follies kindly to commend,
And fondly loſe the Critick in the Friend;
Tho my warm Youth untimely be decay'd,
From grave to dull inſenſibly betray'd,
I'll contradict the Humour of the Times,
(Inclin'd to Bus'neſs, and averſe to Rhymes)
And to obey the Man I love, in ſpight
Of the World's Genius, and my own, I'll write.
But think not that I vainly do aſpire
To rival what I only would admire,
The Heat and Beauty of your manly Thought,
And Force like that with which your Hero fought.
Like *Sampſon*'s Riddle is that powerful Song,
Sweet as the Honey, as the Lion ſtrong;
The Colours there ſo artfully are laid,
They fear no Luſtre, and they want no Shade:

But ſhall of Writing a juſt Model give,
While *Boyne* ſhall flow, and *William*'s Glory live.
Yet ſince his ev'ry Act may well infuſe
Some happy Rapture in the humbleſt Muſe,
Tho mine deſpairs to reach the wondrous Height,
She prunes her Pinions, eager of the Flight;
The King's the Theme, and I've a Subject's Right:
When *William*'s Deeds, and reſcu'd *Europe*'s Joy
Do ev'ry Tongue and ev'ry Pen employ,
'Tis to think Treaſon ſure to ſhew no Zeal,
And not to write, is almoſt to rebel.
Let *Albion* then forgive her meaneſt Son,
Who wou'd continue what her beſt begun;
Who, leaving Conqueſts, and the Pomp of War,
Wou'd ſing the Pious King's divided Care;
How eagerly he flew when *Europe*'s Fate
Did for the Seed of future Actions wait;
And how two Nations did with Tranſport boaſt
Which was belov'd, and lov'd the Victor moſt:
How joyful *Belgia* gratefully prepar'd
Trophies and Vows for her returning Lord;
How the fair *Iſle* with rival Paſſion ſtrove,
How by her Sorrow ſhe expreſs'd her Love,
When he withdrew from what his Arm had freed,
And how ſhe bleſs'd his Way, yet ſigh'd, and ſaid:
Is it decreed my Hero ne'er ſhall reſt,
Ne'er be of me, and I of him poſſeſs'd?
Scarce had I met his Virtue with my Throne,
(By Right, by Merit, and by Arms his own)
But *Ireland*'s Freedom, and the War's Alarms,
Call'd him from me, and his *Maria*'s Charms.

O gen'rous Prince! too prodigally kind,
Can the diffuſive Goodneſs of your Mind
Be in no bounds, but of the World confin'd?
Shou'd ſinking Nations ſummon you away,
Maria's Love might juſtify your Stay.
Imperfectly the many Vows are paid,
Which for your Safety to the Gods were made,
While on the *Boyne* they labour'd to out-do
Your Zeal for *Albion* by their Care for you;
When too impatient of a glorious Eaſe,
You tempt new Dangers on the Winter Seas.
The *Belgick* State has reſted long ſecure
Within the Circle of thy Guardian Pow'r;
Rear'd by thy Care that noble Lion, grown
Mature in Strength, can range the Woods alone:
When to my Arms they did the Prince reſign,
I bleſs'd the Change, and thought him wholly mine;
Conceiv'd long Hopes I jointly ſhou'd obey
His ſtronger, and *Maria*'s gentle Sway:
He fierce as Thunder, ſhe as Lightning bright;
One my Defence, and t'other my Delight.
Yet go——where Honour calls the Hero go;
Nor let your Eyes behold how mine do flow:
Go meet your Country's Joy, your Virtue's Due,
Receive their Triumphs, and prepare for new;
Enlarge my Empire, and let *France* afford
The next large Harveſt to thy proſp'rous Sword:
Again in *Crecy* let my Arms be rear'd,
And o'er the Continent *Britannia* fear'd:
While under *Mary*'s tutelary Care,
Far from the Danger, or the Noiſe of War,

In honourable Pleaſure I poſſeſs
The Spoils of Conqueſt, and the Charms of Peace.
As the Great Lamp by which the Globe is bleſs'd,
Conſtant in Toil, and ignorant of Reſt,
Through diff'rent Regions does his Courſe purſue,
And leaves one World but to revive a new;
While, by a pleaſing Change, the Queen of Night
Relieves his Luſtre with a milder Light:
So when your Beams do diſtant Nations chear,
The Partner of your Crown ſhall mount the Sphere,
Able alone my Empire to ſuſtain,
And carry on the Glories of thy Reign———
But why has Fate maliciouſly decreed,
That greateſt Bleſſings muſt by turns ſucceed?

Here ſhe relented, and would urge his Stay
By all that Fondneſs and that Grief could ſay;
But ſoon did her preſaging Thoughts employ
On Scenes of Triumphs and returning Joy.
Thus, like the Tide, while her unconſtant Breaſt
Was ſwell'd with Rapture, by Deſpair depreſs'd,
Fate call'd; the Hero muſt his way purſue,
And her Cries leſſen'd as the Shore withdrew.
The Winds were ſilent, and the gentle Main
Bore an auſpicious Omen of his Reign;
When *Neptune*, owning whom thoſe Seas obey,
Nodded, and bade the cheerful *Tritons* play.
Each choſe a diff'rent Subject for their Lays,
But *Orange* was the Burden of their Praiſe:
Some in their Strains up to the Fountain run,
From whence this Stream of Virtue firſt begun;

Others choſe Heroes of a later Date,
And ſung the * *Founder* of the neighb'ring State;
How daringly he Tyranny withſtood,
And ſeal'd his Country's Freedom with his Blood.
Then to the two illuſtrious † *Brethren* came,
The Glorious Rivals of their Father's Fame:
And to the ‖ *Youth*, whoſe pregnant Hopes out-ran
The Steps of Time, and early ſhew'd the Man;
For whoſe Alliance Monarchs did contend,
And gave a Daughter to ſecure a Friend.
But as by Nature's Law the Phenix dies,
That from its Urn a nobler Bird may riſe,
So Fate ordain'd the Parent ſoon ſhould ſet,
To make the Glories of ** *his Heir* compleat.
At *William*'s Name each fill'd his vocal Shell,
And on the happy Sound rejoic'd to dwell:
Some ſung his Birth, and how diſcerning Fate
Sav'd infant Virtue againſt powerful Hate;
Of pois'nous Snakes by young *Alcides* quell'd,
And Palms that ſpread the more, the more with-held.
Some ſung *Seneffe*, and early Wonders done
By the bold Youth, himſelf a War alone;
And how his firmer Courage did oppoſe
His Country's foreign and inteſtine Foes,
The Lion he, who held their Arrows cloſe.
Others ſung *Perſeus*, and the injur'd Maid,
Redeem'd by the wing'd Warrior's timely Aid;
Or in myſterious Numbers did unfold
Sad modern Truths wrapt up in Tales of old;

---

* William. † Maurice *and* Henry.
‖ William. ** *His preſent Majeſty.*

How

How *Saturn*, fluſh'd with Arbitrary Power,
Deſign'd his lawful Iſſue to devour:
But *Jove* (reſerv'd for better Fate) withſtood
The black Contrivance of the doating God;
With Arms he came, his guilty Father fled,
('Twas *Italy* ſecur'd his frighted Head)
And by his Flight reſign'd his empty Throne,
And triple Empire to his worthier Son.

Then in one Note their artful Force they join,
Eager to reach the *Victor* and the *Boyne*:
How on the wondring Bank the Hero ſtood,
Laviſhly bold and deſperately good;
Till Fate, deſigning to convince the Brave
That they can dare no more than Heav'n can ſave,
Let Death approach, and yet with-held the Sting,
Wounded the *Man*, diſtinguiſhing the *King*.

They had enlarg'd, but found the Strain too ſtrong,
And in ſoft Notes allay'd the bolder Song:
Flow, gentle *Boyne* (they cry'd) and round thy Bed
For ever may victorious Wreaths be ſpread;
No more may Travellers deſire to know
Where *Simois* and *Granicus* did flow;
Nor *Rubicon*, a poor forgotten Stream,
Be or the Soldier's Rant, or Poet's Theme:
All Waters ſhall unite their Fame in thee,
Loſt in thy Waves as thoſe are in the Sea.

They breath'd afreſh, unwilling to give o'er,
And begg'd thick Miſts long to conceal the Shore:
Smooth was the liquid Plain; the ſleeping Wind,
More to the Sea, than to its Maſter kind,
Detain'd a Treaſure, which we value more
Than all the Deep e'er hid, or Waters bore.

But he, with a ſuperior Genius born,
Treats Chance with Inſolence, and Death with Scorn:
Darkneſs and Ice in vain obſtruct his way,
Holland is near, and Nature muſt obey;
Charg'd with our Hopes the Boat ſecurely rode,
For *Cæſar and his Fortune* were the Load.
With eager Tranſport *Belgia* met her Son,
Yet trembling for the Danger he had run;
Till certain of her Joy, ſhe bow'd her head,
Confeſs'd her Lord, bleſs'd his Return, and ſaid:

If Paſſion by long Abſence does improve,
And makes that Rapture, which before was Love;
Think on my old, my intermitted Bliſs,
And by my former Pleaſure meaſure this:
Not by theſe feeble Pillars which I raiſe,
Unequal to ſuſtain the Hero's Praiſe;
Too faint the Colours, and too mean the Art,
To repreſent your Glories, or my Heart:
Theſe humble Emblems are deſign'd to ſhow,
Not how we wou'd reward, but what we owe.
Here from your Childhood take a ſhort Review,
How *Holland*'s Happineſs advanc'd with You;
How her ſtout Veſſel did in Triumph ride,
And mock'd the Storms, while *Orange* was her Guide.
What ſince has been our Fate——I need not ſay,
(Ill ſuiting with the Bleſſings of the Day)
Our better Fortune with our Prince was gone,
Conqueſt was only there where he led on.
Like the *Palladium*, whereſoe'er you go,
You turn all Death and Danger on the Foe.

In you we but too ſadly underſtood
How Angels have their Spheres of doing good;
Elſe the ſame Soul which did your Troops poſſeſs,
And crown'd their daring Courage with Succeſs,
Had taught our Fleet to triumph o'er the Main,
And *Fleurus* had been ſtill a guiltleſs Plain.
What pity 'tis, ye Gods, an Arm and Mind
Like yours, ſhou'd be to Time and Place confin'd?
But thy Return ſhall fix our kinder Fate,
For thee our Councils, thee our Armies wait;
Diſcording Princes ſhall with thee combine,
And center all their Intereſts in thine;
Proud of thy Friendſhip, ſhall forgo their Sway,
As *Rome* her great Dictator did obey;
And all united make a *Gordian* Knot,
Which neither Craft ſhall looſe, nor Force ſhall cut.

An Epiſtle to Monſieur BOILEAU: *Inviting his Muſe to forſake the* French *Intereſt, and celebrate the King of* England.

By EDMUND ARWAKER.

TOO long, Great Man, thy Muſe has try'd in vain
Thy Monarch's ſinking Credit to ſuſtain;
And thou too long haſt miſ-employ'd thy Pen,
To make the *worſt* appear the *beſt* of Men;
A ſully'd Fame to brighten and refine,
That never did with real Luſtre ſhine.
While, as one flatter'd by too fair a Glaſs,
Views but the wanted Beauties of his Face;
So *Lewis*, in thy lofty Praiſe, does ſee
Not what he is, but what he wants to be:
And he muſt all his boaſted Glories own,
Not from himſelf deriv'd, but thee alone;
Whoſe Muſe ſo well does his mean Deeds rehearſe,
That he becomes immortal in thy Verſe;
But to thy Verſe no laſting Fame can give,
In recompence for what he does receive.
Leave, leave him then to raiſe his own Renown,
And win the Laurels that his Temples crown:
A better Cauſe, and nobler Subject chuſe,
That may inſpire, as it employs thy Muſe;

May with thy elevated Senſe ageee,
And copious as thy boundleſs Fancy be;
A Hero, whoſe bright Fame may gild thy Bays,
And more thy Name, than thou his Glory raiſe.
See, ſee, his conqu'ring Sword Great *Naſſau* draws;
Not poorly bribes, but merits thy Applauſe:
His brave Exploits afford thy Muſe a Theme
Equal to that, as that is worthy them.
The Titles he in Fame's Records does hold,
Are purchas'd by his Valour, not his Gold.
He owes his Glory to himſelf alone,
And Acquiſition makes it all his own.
Whilſt *Lewis* rarely does in Arms appear,
Nor then to fight, but follow in the Rear;
Our Monarch charging in the front we ſee,
None more expos'd, none leſs concern'd than he:
Who lets his Soldiers on no Dangers go,
But what, as he commands, he leads them to.
Thus, taught by his Example to obey,
They bravely follow, as he ſhews the way.
Not ſo, your King; he ſtill declines the Fight,
Nor ſhuns the Danger only, but its Sight:
Yet with unmerited Succeſs grown vain,
He boaſts of Conqueſts he did never gain.
His Breaches were from golden Batteries made,
And our loſt Towns not taken, but betray'd.
Thus when ſome Place by Purchaſe is made ſure,
His Perſon, and his Honour too, ſecure;
Then the triumphant Monarch takes the field,
And gains the Town that waited ſo to yield.
This makes him with affected Greatneſs ſwell,
And boaſt his Arms as irreſiſtible;

His Arches are by ſuch Atchievements rear'd:
Thus *Lewis* fights, and thus is to be fear'd.
But ſince he finds the Scene is alter'd now,
And that his Treaſure, as his Courage, low,
Will not the old prevailing Means afford,
That more enlarg'd his Conqueſts, than his Sword;
He forms no hopeleſs Siege, makes no Campaign,
From which he knows he ſhall no Honour gain:
But to the Field has wiſely ſent his Son,
To bear the blame of loſing what he won;
For all the Conqueſt he this Year can boaſt,
Is that in running his Succeſs was moſt:
While *Huy*'s reduc'd to ſerve its native Lord;
Not as 'twas loſt, but ſtorm'd with Fire and Sword:
Which proves as irreſiſtible a Pow'r
In *Engliſh* Courage, as *French* Gold before;
And that our King all Conqueſt does deſpiſe,
Which any Price but glorious Danger buys.
Now the *French* Army, whoſe Renown we knew
More to its Numbers than its Bravery due,
Equal'd in Strength, in Valour is outdone,
And while *Huy* falls, ſtands tamely looking on:
So by Great *William*'s conqu'ring Arms diſmay'd,
The Generals durſt not venture to its aid;
Happy they could their own Intrenchments keep,
Though dug, to ſuit their low-ſunk Spirits, deep.
Yet ſcarce they loſt their Apprehenſion there,
Nor as from Danger, were ſecur'd from Fear;
Till they, for greater Safety, left the Place,
Not loaden now with Trophies, but Diſgrace:
Such Conqueſts *Lewis* this Campaign has won,
Such Triumphs Fate decreed his glorious Son.

But ſince no Honours from the barren Field
He reaps, what Laurels did the Ocean yield?
That ſure his ruin'd Credit will repair,
And own his long-pretended Power there.
But as if both the Elements agreed
From his uſurp'd Dominion to be freed,
The Sea no longer Tribute does afford,
But juſtly pays it to the antient Lord;
Whoſe conqu'ring Fleets aſſert their native Right,
While the *French* Navy ſhuns the dreaded Sight;
And ſees it ſelf in its own Ports confin'd
By Fear, more pow'rful than an adverſe Wind.
So when the ſcaly Sov'reign of the Seas,
Himſelf within his liquid Realm does pleaſe,
And with ſwift Fins ranges the briny Flood,
To take his Paſtime there, or ſeek his Food;
His frightned Vaſſals hide their ſhining Heads
In the kind Covert of concealing Weeds.

Our floating Squadrons now their Right regain,
And unobſtructed wanton through the Main;
Inſult the *Gallick* Coaſts, and their juſt Rage
With Sacrifice of flaming Towns aſſuage;
Whoſe ſable Smoke, aſcending to the Sky,
Mourns for the Structures that in Aſhes lie:
While ſtrange Confuſion, ſpread along the Shore,
Makes *England*'s Pow'r rever'd as heretofore.

Nor does one Fleet alone her Fame advance,
The Joys in *Spain* equal the Fears in *France*;
And *Barcelona* all Attempts defies,
While on our Monarch's Succour ſhe relies;
And ſhelter'd by his Navy's ſpreading Wings,
She triumphs in the ſure Defence it brings.

Thus *Spain*, by our *Eliſa* ſhook before,
Is now ſupported by Great *William*'s Pow'r.
Then in his Praiſes let fam'd *Boileau* join,
And to his Side, like Victory, incline;
Whoſe daring Soul, and ever-conqu'ring Sword,
Will endleſs Matter for thy Verſe afford.
But if thou wilt a ſervile Labour chuſe,
Where *Arbitrary Pow'r* enſlaves thy Muſe,
And does thy Thoughts to narrow Bounds confine,
Which Heav'n for boundleſs Subjects did deſign;
Know, our fam'd Prince can his own Trophies raiſe,
And courts as little as he wants thy Praiſe.
Nor, if ſuch Means his Glory could advance,
Wou'd he have need to be oblig'd to *France*;
Since his own Realms abound with Men of Senſe,
And famous for Poetick Excellence:
Whoſe lofty Verſe your humble Strain exceeds,
As much as his your meaner Patron's Deeds.
Witneſs the Muſe that firſt in Songs Divine
Deſcrib'd his Fight and Conqueſt at the *Boyne*:
That which moſt pleas'd, was difficult to tell,
The Field ſo bravely won, or ſung ſo well.
Witneſs that happy Pen that did relate
His glorious Voyage to the *Belgick* State;
And gave the World a proof with how much Fire
Our Poets write, when them our Kings inſpire.
But our Great Monarch's Praiſes ſhould no more,
Than his large Soul be bounded by our Shore;
Far as his Victories, his ſpreading Fame ſhould ſound,
And be in every Tongue, as every Land, renown'd.
Then, *Boileau*, let thy Muſe begin her lofty Flight,
Tho ſhe muſt ſtill deſpair to reach the wondrous Height.

An ODE *in Memory of her Majesty Queen* Mary.

By a Person of Quality.

——————*Poema*
Est Pictura loquens.

I.

LONG our divided State
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,
When one bright Nymph the gathering Clouds dispel'd,
And all the Griefs of *Albion* heal'd.
Her the united Land obey'd,
No more to Jealousies inclin'd,
Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd.
She knew her Task, and nicely understood
To what Intention Kings are made,
Not for their own, but for their People's Good.
'Twas that prevailing Argument alone,
Determin'd her to fill the vacant Throne:
And yet with Sadness she beheld
A Crown devolving on her Head,
(By the Excesses of a Prince misled)
When by her Royal Birth compel'd
To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,
(Tho by a servile Faction blam'd)
How graceful were the Tears she shed!

II.

II.

When waiting only for a Wind,
Againſt our Iſle the Power of *France* was arm'd,
Here ruling Arts in all their Luſtre ſhin'd;
The Winds themſelves were by her Influence charm'd:
While her Authority and Care ſupply'd
That Safety which the Want of Troops deny'd;
Secure and undiſturb'd the Scene
Of *Albion* ſeem'd, and like her Eyes ſerene:
Vain was th' Invader's Force, Revenge, and Pride,
Maria reign'd, and Heaven was on our ſide.
The Sceptre, by her ſelf unſought,
Gave double Proofs of her heroick Mind;
With Skill ſhe ſway'd it, and with Eaſe reſign'd:
So the Dictator, from Retirement brought,
Repel'd the Danger that did *Rome* alarm,
And then return'd contented to his Farm.

III.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
Accurs'd Diſeaſe, how long
Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
Robb'd of the Hopes and Comfort of their Age?
From the unhappy Lover's ſide
How often haſt thou torn the blooming Bride!
Now like a Tyrant, riſing by degrees
To worſe Extremes, and blacker Villanies,
Practis'd in Ruin for ſome * Ages paſt,
Thou haſt brought forth a gen'ral one at laſt!

* *The Small-Pox is ſaid to have reign'd in* England *about* 250 *Years.*

Common

Common Diſaſters Sorrow raiſe,
But Heaven's ſevereſt Frowns amaze!
The QUEEN——a Word, a Sound,
Of Nations once the Hope, and firm Support,
Wealth of the Needy, Guard of the Oppreſs'd,
The Joy of all, the Wiſeſt and the Beſt;
A Name that Echoes did rebound
With loud Applauſe from neighb'ring Shores,
(Their Admiration, the Delight of ours)
Becomes unutterable now!
The Crouds in that dejected Court
Where languiſhing *MARIA* lay,
Want Pow'r to ask the News they came to know,
Silent their drooping Heads they bow;
Silence it ſelf proclaims th' approaching Woe!
Ev'n he (*MARIA*'s lateſt Care)
Whom Winter Seaſons nor * contending *Jove*,
Nor watchful Fleets could from his glorious Purpoſe move:
Intrepids in the Storms of War,
And in the midſt of flying Deaths ſedate,
Now trembles, now he ſinks beneath the mighty Weight,
The Hero to the Man gives way.

IV.

Unhappy Iſle, for half an Age a Prey
To fierce Diſſenſion, or Deſpotick Sway,
Redeem'd from Anarchy to be undone
By the miſtaken Meaſures of the Throne;
Thy Monarchs meditating dark Deſigns,
Or boldly throwing off the Mask,

* *Foul Weather.*

(Fond

(Fond of the Power, unequal to the Task)
Thy ſelf without the leaſt remaining Signs
Of antient Virtue, ſo deprav'd,
As ev'n they wiſh'd to be enſlav'd:
What more than Human Aid
Could raiſe thee from a State ſo low,
Protect thee from thy ſelf, thy greateſt Foe?
Something celeſtial ſure, a Heroine
Of matchleſs Form and a majeſtick Mien;
By all reſpected, fear'd, but more belov'd,
More than her Laws, her great Example mov'd:
The Bounds that in her godlike Mind
Were to her Paſſions ſet, ſeverely ſhin'd,
But that of doing good was unconfin'd.
So juſt, that abſolute Command,
Deſtructive in another Hand,
In hers had chang'd its Nature, had been uſeful made.
Oh! had ſhe longer ſtaid,
Leſs ſwiftly to her native Heaven retir'd,
For her the Harps of *Albion* had been ſtrung,
Th' Harmonious Nine could never have aſpir'd
To a more lofty and immortal Song.

On the late Horrid Conſpiracy.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

THE * Youth whoſe Fortune the vaſt Globe obey'd,
Finding his † Royal Enemy betray'd,
And in his Chariot by ‖ vile Hands oppreſs'd,
With noble Pity, and juſt Rage poſſeſs'd,
Wept at his Fall from ſo ſublime a State,
And by the Traytor's Death reveng'd the Fate
Of Majeſty profan'd——So acted too
The gen'rous *Caſar*, when the *Roman* knew
A ** Coward King had treacherouſly ſlain,
†† Whom ſcarce he foil'd on the *Pharſalian* Plain:
The Doom of his fam'd Rival he bemoan'd,
And the baſe Author of the Crime dethron'd.
Such were the virtuous Maxims of the Great,
Free from the ſervile Arts of barb'rous Hate:
They knew no Foe, but in the open Field,
And to their Cauſe, and to the Gods appeal'd.
So *WILLIAM* acts——And if his Rivals dare
Diſpute his Reign by Arms, he'll meet 'em there
Where *Jove*, as once on *Ida*, holds the Scale,
And lets the Good, the Juſt, and Brave prevail.

* Alexander. † Darius. ‖ Boſſus. ** Ptolemy. †† Pompey.

Pro-

Prologue to Oroonoko.

By an Unknown Hand.

As when in hoſtile Times two neighb'ring States,
Strive by themſelves and their Confederates;
The War at firſt is made with aukard Skill,
And Soldiers clumſily each other kill;
Till Time at length their untaught Fury tames,
And into Rules their heedleſs Rage reclaims;
Then every Science by degrees is made
Subſervient to the main deſtroying Trade:
Wit, Wiſdom, Reading, Obſervation, Art,
A well-turn'd Head to guide a gen'rous Heart:
So it may prove with our contending Stages,
If you will kindly but ſupply their Wages;
Which you with eaſe may furniſh by retrenching
Your Superfluities of Wine and Wenching.
Who'd grudge to ſpare from Riot and hard Drinking,
To lay it out on means to mend his Thinking?
To follow ſuch Advice, you ſhould have leiſure;
Since what refines your Senſe, refines your Pleaſure.
Women grown tame by uſe, each Fool can get;
But Cuckolds are all made by Men of Wit:
To Virgin Favours Fools have no pretence,
For Maidenheads were made for Men of Senſe.

'Tis

'Tis not enough to have a Horſe well bred,
To ſhew his Mettle, he muſt be well fed:
A favour'd Poet, like a pamper'd Horſe,
Will ſtrain his Eye-balls out to win the Courſe.
Do you but in your Wiſdom vote it fit
To yield due Succours to this War of Wit,
The Buskin with more Grace ſhall tread the Stage,
Love ſigh in ſofter Strains, Heroes leſs rage.
Satire ſhall ſhow a triple Row of Teeth,
And Comedy ſhall laugh your Fops to death:
Wit ſhall refine, and *Pegaſus* ſhall foam,
And ſoar in ſearch of antient *Greece* and *Rome*.
And ſince the Nation's in the conquering Fit,
As you by Arms, we'll vanquiſh *France* by Wit,
The Work were over, could our Poets write
With half the Spirit that our Soldiers fight.

EPILOGUE.

By Mr. CONGREVE.

YOU ſee we try all Shapes, and Shifts, and Arts,
To tempt your Favours, and regain your Hearts:
We weep and laugh, join Mirth and Grief together,
Like Rain and Sunſhine mix'd in *April* Weather.
Your different Taſtes divide our Poet's Cares,
One Foot the Sock, t'other the Buskin wears:
Thus while he ſtrives to pleaſe, he's forc'd to do't,
Volſius-like, Hip-Hop, in a ſingle Boot.

Criticks,

Criticks, he knows, for this may damn his Books,
But he makes Feasts for Friends, and not for Cooks.
Tho Errant-Knights of late no Favour find,
Sure you will be to Ladies-Errant kind.
To follow Fame, Knights-Errant make Profession,
We Damsels fly to save our Reputation;
So they their Valour shew, we our Discretion.
To Lands of Monsters and fierce Beasts they go,
We to those Islands where rich Husbands grow;
Tho they're no Monsters, we may make them so.
If they're of *English* Growth, they'l bear't with Patience;
But save us from a Spouse of *Oroonoko*'s Nations:
Then bless your Stars, you happy *London* Wives,
Who love at large each Day, yet keep your Lives;
Nor envy poor *Imoinda*'s doating Blindness,
Who thought her Husband kill'd her out of Kindness:
Death with a Husband ne'er had shewn such Charms,
Had she once dy'd within a Lover's Arms.
Her Error was from Ignorance proceeding,
Poor Soul! she wanted some of our Town-Breeding.
Forgive this *Indian*'s Fondness of her Spouse,
Their Law no Christian Liberty allows:
Alas! they make a Conscience of their Vows.
If Virtue in a Heathen be a Fault,
Then damn the Heathen-School where she was taught:
She might have learnt to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
Had *Covent-Garden* been in *Surinam*.

SONG.

SONG.

By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

TELL me no more you love, in vain,
Fair *Celia*, you this Paſſion feign:
Can they pretend to love, who do
Refuſe what Love perſuades them to?
Who once has felt his active Flame,
Dull Laws of Honour will diſdain:
You would be thought his Slave, and yet
You will not to his Pow'r ſubmit.
More cruel than thoſe Beauties are,
Whoſe Coyneſs wounds us to Deſpair;
For all the Kindneſs which you ſhow,
Each Smile and Kiſs which you beſtow,
Are like thoſe Cordials which we give
To dying Men, to make them live;
And languiſh out an Hour in pain:
Be kinder, *Celia*, or diſdain.

To her Excellence the Marchioneſs of NEWCASTLE, *after the reading of her incomparable* POEMS.

By the ſame Author.

MADAM,

WITH ſo much Wonder we are ſtruck,
When we begin to read your matchleſs Book;
A while your own Exceſs of Merit ſtays
Our forward Pens, and does ſuſpend your Praiſe,
Till Time our Minds does gently recompoſe,
Allays this Wonder, and our Duty ſhows;
Inſtructs us how your Virtues to proclaim,
And what we ought to pay to your great Fame;
Your Fame, which in your Country has no Bounds,
But whereſoever Learning's known reſounds.
Thoſe Graces Nature did till now divide,
Your Sex's Glory, and our Sex's Pride
Are join'd in you, and all to you ſubmit,
The brighteſt Beauty, and the ſharpeſt Wit:
No Faction here, or fiery Envy ſways,
They give you Myrtle, while we offer Bays.
What Mortal dares diſpute thoſe Wreaths with you,
Arm'd thus with Lightning, and with Thunder too?
This made the Great *Newcaſtle*'s Heart your Prize;
Your charming Soul, and your victorions Eyes,

Had

Had only Pow'r his martial Mind to tame,
And raiſe in his Heroick Breaſt a Flame:
A Flame, which with his Courage ſtill aſpires,
As if immortal Fuel fed thoſe Fires.
This mighty Chief, and your Great Self made one,
Together the ſame Race of Glory run;
Together in the Wings of Fame you move,
Like yours his Virtue, and like yours his Love.
While we your Praiſe, endeav'ring to rehearſe,
Pay that great Duty in our humble Verſe;
Such as may juſtly move your Anger, you,
Like Heaven, forgive them, and accept them too.
But what we cannot, your brave Hero pays,
He builds thoſe Monuments we ſtrive to raiſe:
Such as to After-Ages ſhall make known,
While he records your deathleſs Fame, his own.
So when an Artiſt ſome rare Beauty draws,
Both in our Wonder ſhare and our Applauſe:
His Skill from Time ſecures the glorious Dame,
And makes himſelf immortal in her Fame.

EPILOGUE *to* TARTUFF, *ſpoken by himſelf.*

By a Perſon of Honour.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit
Againſt the ſtill-prevailing Hypocrite:
Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,
And vanquiſh'd *Buſy* in a Puppet-Play;
But *Buſy* rallying, arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
Poſſeſs'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
To laugh at *Engliſh* Knaves is dangerous then,
While *Engliſh* Fools will think them honeſt Men:
But ſure no zealous Brother can deny us
Free leave with this our Monſieur *Ananias*,
A Man may ſay, without being call'd an Atheiſt,
There are damn'd Rogues among the *French* and Papiſt,
That fix Salvation to ſhort Band and Hair,
That belch and ſnuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
That uſe t' enjoy the Creature, to expreſs
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenneſs:
And in a decent way perform them too,
As well, nay better far, alas! than you;
Whoſe fleſhly Failings are but Fornication,
We godly phraſe it, Goſpel-Propagation,
Juſt as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.

Zeal

Zeal ſtands but Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Whilſt all that have the Word paſs freely in;
Silent, and in the dark, for fear of Spies,
You march, and take Damnation by Surprize.
There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
Can go ſo far tow'rds Hell for half a Crown,
As I for Six Pence, for we know the way,
For want of Guides Men often go aſtray:
Therefore give way to what I ſhall adviſe,
Let every marry'd Man, that's grave and wiſe,
Take a *Tartuff*, of known Ability,
To teach and to inſtruct his Family;
Who may ſo ſettle laſting Reformation,
Firſt get his Son, then give him Education.

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

AFTER a pretty amorous Diſcourſe,
She does reſiſt my Love with pleaſing Force;
Mov'd not with Anger, but with Modeſty,
Againſt her Will ſhe is my Enemy.
Her Eyes the Rudeneſs of her Arms excuſe,
Whilſt thoſe accept what theſe ſeem to refuſe;
To eaſe my Paſſion, and to make me bleſt,
Th' obliging Smock falls from her whiter Breaſt:
Then with her lovely Hands ſhe does conceal
Thoſe Wonders, Chance ſo kindly did reveal;

In vain, alas! her nimble Fingers ſtrove
To ſhield her Beauties from my greedy Love;
Guarding her Breaſts, her Lips ſhe did expoſe,
To ſave a Lilly ſhe muſt loſe a Roſe:
So many Charms ſhe has in ev'ry Place,
A hundred Hands cannot defend each Grace.
Sighing, at length her Force ſhe does recal,
For ſince I muſt have Part, ſhe'll give me all.
Her Arms the joyful Conqueror embrace,
And ſeem to guide me to the ſought-for Place.
Her Love is in her ſparkling Eyes expreſt,
She falls o'th' Bed for Pleaſure more than Reſt:
But, Oh, ſtrange Paſſion! Oh, abortive Joy!
My Zeal does my Devotion quite deſtroy;
Come to the Temple where I ſhould adore,
My Saint I worſhip at the ſacred Door:
Oh cruel Chance! the Town which did oppoſe
My Strength ſo long, now yields to my Diſpoſe;
When overjoy'd with Victory, I fall
Dead at the foot of the ſurrender'd Wall.
Without the uſual Ceremony we
Have both fulfill'd the am'rous Myſtery;
The Action which we ſhould have jointly done,
Each has unluckily perform'd alone;
The Union which our Bodies ſhould enjoy,
The Union of our eager Souls deſtroy.
Our Flames are puniſh'd by their own Exceſs,
We'ad had more Pleaſure had our Loves been leſs:
She bluſh'd and frown'd, perceiving we had done
The Sport, ſhe thought, we ſcarce had yet begun.
Alas! ſaid I, condemn your ſelf, not me,
This is th' Effect of too much Modeſty:

Hence

Hence with that peeviſh Virtue, the Delight
Of both our Victories was loſt i'th' Fight:
Yet from my Shame your Glory does ariſe,
My Weakneſs proves the Vigour of your Eyes;
They did conſume the Victim, e'er it came
Unto the Altar with a purer Flame.
Phillis, let then this Comfort eaſe your Care,
You'd been more happy had you been leſs fair.

A PROLOGUE *ſpoken at the opening of the Duke's new Play-Houſe.*

By the ſame Author.

'TIS not in this, as in the former Age,
When Wit alone ſuffic'd t' adorn the Stage,
When things well ſaid an Audience could invite,
Without the Hope of ſuch a gaudy Sight.
What with your Fathers took, would take with you,
If Wit had ſtill the Charm of being new;
Had not Enjoyment dull'd your Appetite,
She in her homely Dreſs would yet delight;
Such ſtately Theatres we need not raiſe,
Our old Houſe would put off our dulleſt Plays.
You Gallants know, a freſh Wench of Sixteen,
May drive the Trade in honeſt *Bombarine*;
And never want good Cuſtom, ſhould ſhe lie
In a Back-Room two or three Stories high:

But ſuch a Beauty, as has long been known,
Tho not decay'd, but to Perfection grown,
Muſt, if ſhe mean to thrive in this leud Town,
Wear Points, lac'd Petticoats, and a rich Gown;
Her Lodgings too muſt with her Dreſs agree,
Be hung with Damask, or with Tapeſtry;
Have China, Cabinets, and a great Glaſs
To ſtrike Reſpect into an am'rous Aſs.
Without the help of Stratagems and Arts,
An old Acquaintance cannot touch your Hearts.
Methinks 'tis hard our Authors ſhould ſubmit
So tamely to their Predeceſſor's Wit;
Since I am ſure among you there are few
Would grant your Grandfathers had more than you.
But hold! I in this Buſineſs may proceed too far,
And raiſe a Storm againſt our Theater;.
And then what would the wiſe Adventurers ſay,
Who were in a much greater Fright to day,
Than ever Poet was about his Play?
Our Apprehenſions none can juſtly blame,
Mony is dearer much to us than Fame:
This thought on, let our Poets juſtify
The Reputation of their Poetry;
We are reſolv'd we will not have to do
With what's between thoſe Gentlemen and you.
Be kind, and let our Houſe but have your Praiſe,
Your're welcome every day to damn their Plays.

Falling

Falling in Love with a Stranger at a Play.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

FAIR *Amarillis*, on the Stage whilſt you
Beheld a feigned Love, you gave a true;
I, like a Coward in the amorous War,
Came only to look on, yet got a Scar:
Fix'd by your Eyes, I had no power to fly,
They held me whilſt you gain'd the Victory.
I thought I ſafely might my Sight content,
To which the power to like (not love) I lent:
And if I ventur'd on ſome ſlight Diſcourſe,
It ſhould be ſuch as could no Paſſion nurſe.
Led by the treacherous Luſtre of your Eyes,
At laſt I plaid too near the Precipice.
Love came diſguis'd in Wonder and Delight,
And I was conquer'd e'er I knew him right:
Your Words fell on my Paſſion like thoſe Showers
Which ſwell and multiply the riſing Flowers;
Like *Cupid*'s ſelf, a God, and yet a Child,
Your Looks at once were awful, and yet mild.
Methoughts you bluſh'd, as conſcious of my Flame,
Whilſt your ſtrict Virtue did your Beauty blame:
But reſt ſecure, you're from the Guilt as free,
As Saints ador'd from our Idolatry;
And Love a Torment does for me prepare,
Beyond your Rigour, in my own Deſpair.

Indifference Excus'd.

By the ſame Author.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the Aid
Of Sighs nor Tears to make it known;
And to convince the cruel'ſt Maid,
Lovers ſhould uſe their Love alone.

Into their very Looks 'twill ſteal;
And he that moſt will hide his Flame,
Does in that Care his Pains reveal,
Silence it ſelf can Love proclaim.

This, *Aurelia*, made me ſhun
The Paths that common Lovers tread,
Whoſe guilty Paſſions are begun,
Not in their Hearts, but in their Head.

I could not ſigh, and with croſs'd Arms,
Lament your Rigour and my Fate;
Nor tax your Beauty with ſuch Charms,
As Men adore, and Women hate:

But careleſs live, and without Art,
Knowing my Love you muſt have ſpy'd;
And thinking it a fooliſh Part,
To ſtrive to ſhew what none can hide.

To my Honoured Friend Sir Robert Howard, *on his Excellent Poems.*

By Mr. John Dryden.

As there is Muſick uninform'd by Art
In thoſe wild Notes, which with a merry Heart
The Birds in unfrequented Shades expreſs,
Who better taught at home, yet pleaſe us leſs:
So in your Verſe a native Sweetneſs dwells;
Which ſhames Compoſure, and its Art excels.
Singing no more can your ſoft Numbers grace,
Than Paint adds Charms unto a beauteous Face.
Yet as when mighty Rivers gently creep,
Their even Calmneſs does ſuppoſe them deep;
Such is your Muſe: No Metaphor ſwell'd high
With dangerous Boldneſs, lifts her to the Sky;
Thoſe mounting Fancies, when they fall again,
Shew Sand and Dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a Strength, and yet withal ſo ſweet,
Did never but in *Sampſon*'s Riddle meet.
'Tis ſtrange each Line ſo great a Weight ſhould bear,
And yet no ſign of Toil, no Sweat appear.
Either your Art hides Art, as *Stoicks* feign
Then leaſt to feel, when moſt they ſuffer Pain;
And we, dull Souls, admire, but cannot ſee
What hidden Springs within the Engine be:

Or 'tis ſome Happineſs that ſtill purſues
Each Act and Motion of your graceful Muſe.
Or is it Fortune's Work, that in your Head
The curious * Net that is for Fancies ſpread,
Lets through its Meſhes every meaner Thought,
While rich *Ideas* there are only caught?
Sure that's not all: this is a Piece too fair
To be the Child of Chance, and not of Care.
No Atoms caſually together hurl'd,
Could e'er produce ſo beautiful a World.
Nor dare I ſuch a Doctrine here admit,
As would deſtroy the Providence of Wit.
'Tis your ſtrong Genius then which does not feel
Thoſe Weights would make a weaker Spirit reel:
To carry Weight, and run ſo lightly too,
Is what alone your *Pegaſus* can do.
Great *Hercules* himſelf could ne'er do more,
Than not to feel thoſe Heav'ns and Gods he bore.
Your eaſier Odes, which for Delight were pen'd,
Yet our Inſtruction make their ſecond End:
We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
At once a Beauty, and a Fortune too.
Of Moral Knowledg Poeſy was Queen,
And ſtill ſhe might, had wanton Wits not been;
Who like ill Guardians liv'd themſelves at large,
And not content with that, debauch'd their Charge:
Like ſome brave Captain, your ſucceſsful Pen
Reſtores the Exil'd to her Crown again;
And gives us hope, that having ſeen the Days
When nothing flouriſh'd but Fanatick Bays,

* Rete Mirabile.

All

All will at length in this Opinion reſt,
" A ſober Prince's Government is beſt.
This is not all; your Art the way has found
To make Improvement of the richeſt Ground,
That Soil which thoſe Immortal Laurels bore,
That once the ſacred *Maro*'s Temples wore.
Eliſa's Griefs are ſo expreſs'd by you,
They are too Eloquent to have been true.
Had ſhe ſo ſpoke, *Æneas* had obey'd
What *Dido*, rather than what *Jove* had ſaid.
If Funeral Rites can give a Ghoſt repoſe,
Your Muſe ſo juſtly has diſcharged thoſe,
Eliſa's Shade may now its wandring ceaſe,
And claim a Title to the Fields of Peace.
But if *Æneas* be oblig'd, no leſs
Your Kindneſs great *Achilles* doth confeſs;
Who dreſs'd by *Statius* in too bold a Look,
Did ill become thoſe Virgin Robes he took.
To underſtand how much we owe to you,
We muſt your Numbers with your Authors view;
Then we ſhall ſee his Work was lamely rough,
Each Figure ſtiff, as if deſign'd in Buff;
His Colours laid ſo thick on every place,
As only ſhew'd the Paint, but hid the Face.
But as in Perſpective we Beauties ſee,
Which in the Glaſs, not in the Picture be;
So here our Sight obligingly miſtakes
That Wealth which his your Bounty only makes.
Thus vulgar Diſhes are by Cooks diſguis'd,
More for their Dreſſing, that their Subſtance priz'd.

Your curious * Notes ſo ſearch into that Age,
When all was Fable but the Sacred Page,
That ſince in that dark Night we needs muſt ſtray,
We are at leaſt miſled in pleaſant way.
But what we moſt admire, your Verſe no leſs
The Prophet than the Poet doth confeſs.
E'er our weak Eyes diſcern'd the doubtful Streak
Of Light, you ſaw great *Charles* his Morning break.
So skilful Seamen ken the Land from far,
Which ſhews like Miſts to the dull Paſſenger.
To *Charles* your Muſe firſt pays her duteous Love,
As ſtill the Antients did begin from *Jove*.
With *Monk* you end, whoſe Name preſerv'd ſhall be,
As *Rome* recorded † *Rufus'* Memory;
Who thought it greater Honour to obey
His Country's Intereſt, than the World to ſway.
But to write worthy Things of worthy Men,
Is the peculiar Talent of your Pen:
Yet let me take your Mantle up, and I
Will venture in your Right to propheſy.

" This Work, by Merit firſt of Fame ſecure,
" Is likewiſe happy in its Geniture:
" For ſince 'tis born, when *Charles* aſcends the Throne,
" It ſhares at once his Fortune and its own.

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* *Annotations on* Statius.
† Hic ſitus eſt *Rufus*, qui pulſo vindice quondam
Imperium aſſeruit non ſibi ſed Patriæ.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, *on his Excellent Tragedy, call'd,* Heroick Love.

By the ſame Author.

AUſpicious Poet, wert not thou my Friend,
How could I envy what I muſt commend!
But ſince 'tis Nature's Law in Love and Wit,
That Youth ſhould reign, and withering Age ſubmit;
With leſs Regret thoſe Laurels I reſign,
Which dying on my Brows, revive on thine.
With better Grace an antient Chief may yield
The long contended Honours of the Field,
Than venture all his Fortune at a Caſt,
And fight like *Hannibal* to loſe at laſt.
Young Princes, obſtinate to win the Prize,
Tho yearly beaten, yearly yet they riſe:
Old Monarchs, tho ſucceſsful, ſtill in doubt,
Catch at a Peace, and wiſely turn devout.
Thine be the Laurel then; thy blooming Age
Can beſt, if any can, ſupport the Stage;
Which ſo declines, that ſhortly we may ſee
Players and Plays reduc'd to ſecond Infancy:
Sharp to the World, but thoughtleſs of Renown,
They plot not on the Stage, but on the Town;
And in Deſpair their empty Pit to fill,
Set up ſome foreign Monſter in the Bill.

Thus they jog on, ſtill tricking, never thriving,
And murdring Plays, which they miſcall, reviving:
Our Senſe is Nonſenſe through their Pipes convey'd;
Scarce can a Poet know the Play he made,
'Tis ſo diſguis'd in Death; nor thinks 'tis he
That ſuffers in the mangled Tragedy.
Thus *Itys* firſt was kill'd, and after dreſs'd
For his own Sire, the chief invited Gueſt.
I ſay not this of thy ſucceſsful Scenes,
Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains;
With Length of Time, much Judgment, and more Toil,
Not ill they acted what they could not ſpoil:
Their * *Setting Sun* ſtill ſhoots a glimm'ring Ray,
Like antient *Rome*, Majeſtick in Decay;
And better Gleanings their worn Soil can boaſt,
Than the Crab-Vintage of the neighb'ring Coaſt:
This Difference yet the judging World will ſee,
Thou copieſt *Homer*, and they copy thee.

---

* *Mr.* Betterton.

PRO-

PROLOGUE to The Pilgrim.

By the ſame Author.

HOW wretched is the Fate of thoſe that write,
Brought muzzled to the Stage for fear they bite!
Where, like *Tom Dove*, they ſtand the common Foe,
Lugg'd by the Critick, baited by the Beau.
Yet worſe, their Brother Poets damn the Play,
And roar the loudeſt, tho they never pay:
The Fops are proud of Scandal, for they cry,
At every leud low Character——*That's I.*
He who writes Letters to himſelf, would ſwear
The World forgot him, if he was not there.
What ſhould a Poet do? 'tis hard for one
To pleaſure all the Fools that would be ſhown;
And yet not two in ten will paſs the Town.
Moſt Coxcombs are not of the Laughing Kind;
More goes to make a Fop, than Fops can find.
Quack *Maurus*, tho he never took Degrees
In either of our Univerſities,
Yet to be ſhown by ſome kind Wit he looks,
Becauſe he play'd the Fool, and writ three Books:
But if he would be worth a Poet's Pen,
He muſt be more a Fool, and write again;
For all the former Fuſtian Stuff he wrote
Was dead-born Doggrel, or is quite forgot:

His

His Man of *Uz*, ſtript of his *Hebrew* Robe,
Is juſt the Proverb, and *As poor as* Job.
One would have thought he could no lower jog,
But *Arthur* was a Levil, *Job*'s a Bog;
There, tho he crept, yet ſtill he kept in ſight,
But here he flounders in, and ſinks downright:
Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by Rule,
Tobit had firſt been turn'd to Ridicule.
But our bold *Briton*, without Fear or Awe,
O'er-leaps at once the whole *Apocrypha*;
Invades the *Pſalms* with Rhymes, and leaves no room
For any Vandal *Hopkins* yet to come.
But what if, after all, this godly Geer
Is not ſo ſenſleſs as it would appear?
Our *Mountebank* has laid a deeper Train,
His Cant, like *Merry-Andrew*'s Noble Vein,
Cat-calls the Sects to draw 'em in for Gain.
At leiſure Hours in Epick Song he deals,
Writes to the Rumbling of his Coach's Wheels;
Preſcribes in haſte, and ſeldom kills by Rule,
But rides triumphant between Stool and Stool.
Well, let him go, 'tis yet too early Day,
To get himſelf a Place in Farce or Play:
We know not by what Name we ſhould arraign him,
For no one Category can contain him;
A *Pedant*, *Canting Preacher*, and a *Quack*,
Are Load enough to break one Aſs's Back:
At laſt, grown wanton, he preſum'd to write,
Traduc'd two Kings, their Kindneſs to requite;
One made the Doctor, and one dubb'd the Knight.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By the ſame Author.

PErhaps the Parſon ſtretch'd a Point too far,
When with our Theatres he wag'd a War;
He tells you, That this very Moral Age
Receiv'd the firſt Infection from the Stage;
But ſure a baniſh'd Court, with Leudneſs fraught,
The Seeds of open Vice, returning, brought.
Thus lodg'd (as Vice by great Example thrives)
It firſt debauch'd the Daughters and the Wives:
London, a fruitful Soil, yet never bore
So plentiful a Crop of Horns before.
The Poets, who muſt live by Courts, or ſtarve,
Were proud ſo good a Government to ſerve;
And mixing with Buffoons and Pimps profane,
Tainted the Stage for ſome ſmall Snip of Gain:
For they, like Harlots under Bauds profeſs'd,
Took all-th' ungodly Pains, and got the leaſt.
Thus did the thriving Malady prevail,
The Court is Head, the Poet's but the Tail:
The Sin was of our native Growth, 'tis true,
The Scandal of the Sin was wholly new;
Miſſes there were, but modeſty conceal'd,
White-Hall the naked *Venus* firſt reveal'd,
Who ſtanding, as at *Cyprus* in her Shrine,
The Strumpet was ador'd with Rites Divine.

E'er

E'er this, if Saints had any ſecret Motion,
'Twas Chamber-Practice all, and cloſe Devotion.
I paſs the *Peccadillo's* of their Time,
Nothing but open Leudneſs was a Crime.
A Monarch's Blood was venial to the Nation,
Compar'd with one foul Act of Fornication.
Now they would ſilence us, and ſhut the Door,
That let in all the bare-fac'd Vice before.
As for reforming us, which ſome pretend,
That Work in *England* is without an end;
Well may we change, but we ſhall never mend.
Yet if you can but bear the preſent Stage,
We hope much better of the coming Age.
What would you ſay, if we ſhould firſt begin
To ſtop the Trade of Love behind the Scene,
Where Actreſſes make bold with marry'd Men?
For while abroad ſo prodigal the Dolt is,
Poor Spouſe at home as ragged as a Colt is.
In ſhort, we'll grow as moral as we can,
Save here and there a Woman or a Man.
But neither you, nor we with all our Pains,
Can make clear Work; there will be ſome Remains,
Whilſt you have ſtill your *Oates*, and we our *Haines*.

To the Memory of Mr. DRYDEN.

IF Generous Gratitude could e'er excuſe
The Sallies of a long-neglected Muſe,
Mine pleads that Cauſe alone, and ſo ſhould be
From Cenſure, or malicious Pity free:
For all the Pleaſures ſhe from *Dryden* knew
She pays this Tribute, and ſhe thinks it due.
Still had ſhe ſlept, unmov'd by all beſide,
No Rhymes attempted, and no Numbers try'd,
If to another Man he could impart
His real Nature, and his wondrous Art:
Both did he temper right, and raiſe from thence
Unrival'd Numbers, and unequal Senſe.
Moſt that remain (for ſo to me they ſeem)
Are but the Shadows, and the Ghoſts of him:
Some few, it is confeſs'd, have gain'd their Cauſe,
And juſtify'd their Merit by Applauſe.
'Tis true, their Diction's good, their Stile is clear,
And Art and Labour through the whole appear;
But let us ſearch 'em well, where ſhall we find
His Force of Thought, his Energy of Mind?
The Words that move us with myſterious Charms,
The Soul that actuates, and the Fire that warms?
A Ghoſt ſometimes appears to mortal View,
And bears the Shape of Human Kind, but not the Subſtance too.
Words are like Colours in two Artiſts Hands,
Of different Skill, where each the beſt commands:

One

One paints and pleaſes, but the Pleaſure lies
Not in the Mind, but only in the Eyes;
The Colours, juſtly mix'd, delude the Sight,
And, gayly ſhining, give a falſe Delight:
For far from thence is honeſt Nature chas'd,
Aſham'd to ſee her ſelf ſo much diſgrac'd.
Not ſo the other, whoſe ſuperior Art
To lifeleſs Colours can a living Soul impart:
Bold are his Strokes, but manag'd ſtill with Care,
For Nature always claims the better Share;
Colours, Proportion, Diſtance are combin'd
To pleaſe the Sight, and Strength to charm the Mind.
Yet not the Beſt a full Perfection gain'd,
But in one Province ſtill the Painter reign'd:
Water and *Land* a different Maſter own,
And *Hiſtory* is always found alone:
Peculiar Hands give *Trees* and *Flow'rs* the beſt,
The *Mimick* Drolls below, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.
Our wondrous Bard, whoſe comprehending Soul
Could reach all Nature, and deſcribe her whole;
To ſingle Beauties ſcorn'd to be confin'd,
But ſhow'd the Vigour of extenſive Mind;
In all the nice Proportions we behold,
Like *Angelo* correct, like *Titian* bold.
If homely Cots, or humble Shepherds Ways
Employ'd his Muſe, how calmly did they pleaſe,
And ſink our Paſſions to a rural Eaſe?
Or when he ſung th' Exceſſes of the Great,
High Palaces, the trifling Pomp of State,
Th' ungovern'd Soul her Reaſon laid aſide,
Took the fond Hint, and was debas'd to Pride.

Land-

Landskip in all its various Face he ſhow'd,
Here winding Rivers thro the Meadows flow'd,
And there the fruitful Trees complain'd th' unequal Load:
Here Mountains riſe aloft, and dare the Sky,
There dreary Caves the Face of Nature fly;
Here Night a pleaſing Horror does diſplay,
And with its gloomy Charms excels the Day;
There the bright Morn expands its radiant Wings,
And gives new Vigour with the Light it brings:
His univerſal Muſe with equal Eaſe
Could paint, or diſmal Storms, or calmeſt Seas,
The Miſeries of War, and Joys of Peace.
But what nor Paint can tell, nor Pencil reach,
His larger Genius could divinely teach;
Deſcribe the inner Paſſions of the Man,
And ſhow the Steps from whence they firſt began.
Love he deſcrib'd, tho diff'rent are its Ways,
How the firſt flutt'ring Pain diſturbs our Days,
And gives our Nights but half their uſual Eaſe.
Then our kind Thoughts improve the Paſſion high'r,
'Tis reſtleſs Rage, 'tis covetous Deſire,
And Love unbounded, and impetuous Fire:
Till at the laſt with Extaſy we find
Extremeſt Pleaſures in one moment join'd,
And Joys immenſe, which leave all other Joys behind.
* O *Antony!* how nobly doſt thou charm?
O *Cleopatra!* how doſt thou diſarm
The rougheſt Spirits, and the coldeſt warm?
Nor ſhall † ſhe paſs unmention'd, who maintain'd
The Cauſe of Love, and ſhow'd her Love unfeign'd;

* All for Love, or the World well loſt.
† Sigiſmonda *in* Dryden's *Fables.*

Who

Who ſcorn'd t' excuſe what ſhe with Reaſon ſought,
A certain Pleaſure, and imagin'd Fault;
But boldly urg'd the Argument ſhe ſhou'd,
Th' Impulſe of Nature, and the Force of Blood.
So did he move the Soul, ſo touch the Heart
With Virgin Paſſions, not debauch'd by Art.
Thus could he talk of Love, and Lovers Deeds,
Yet give a Looſe to Rage, and manly Rage ſucceeds.
His Satire free, impartial and ſevere,
At once gave Pleaſure, and created Fear:
Who would not read what he ſo juſtly writ?
But who would be the Subject of his Wit!
Could but our modern Satiriſts have known
His way of Satire, they'd deſpiſe their own:
Soon would they ſee the ſharpeſt Muſe diſclaims
Ill-manner'd Language, and opprobrious Names;
That ſordid Railing is the poor Retreat
Of angry Malice, or unmanly Wit.
He ſhows what we from him alone can feel,
Satire may bite, and yet may be genteel.
Audacious Fancy fain would hurry on,
And tread thoſe Paths which Reaſon ought to ſhun;
For *Homer* and the *Mantuan* are in view,
A dangerous Chaſe, nor muſt my Muſe purſue:
O'er ſteepy Hills, tremendous to the Sight,
Their fiery Courſers kept an equal Flight,
His cloſe purſu'd, nor fear'd the diſmal Height.
My humble Muſe looks upward with Deſpair,
Admires their Strength, but wonders how they dare
Attempt the Regions of the upper Air.

Suffice

Suffice it her to ſay, he never fail'd
Wherever his adventrous Muſe aſſail'd,
And all attempting, he in all prevail'd.
What more had he to do! his conqu'ring Lays
Were above Cenſure, and commanded Praiſe:
Secure of Fame he laid the Laurel down,
Enough diſtinguiſh'd by his Senſe alone;
And ſmil'd to ſee, with a diſdainful Air,
Contending Rhymers uſe their utmoſt Care
To reach that Bays they want the Head to bear.
Fatigu'd with Life, with Pleaſure he retir'd
From the vain World, both envy'd and admir'd.

An ODE, *in Imitation of* Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, &c. *Hor. Ode* 11. *Lib.* 2.

By Mr. JOHN HOW.

WHAT is't to us, who guides the State,
Who's out of Favour, or who Great;
Who are the Miniſters and Spies,
Who votes for Places, or who buys?
The World will ſtill be rul'd by Knaves,
And Fools contending to be Slaves;
Small Things, my Friend, ſerve to ſupport
Life, troubleſom at beſt, and ſhort:

Our

Our Youth runs back, Occaſion flies,
Grey Hairs come on, and Pleaſure dies:
Who would the preſent Bleſſings loſe
For Empires which he cannot uſe?
Kind Providence has us ſupply'd
With what to others is deny'd,
Virtue which teaches to condemn,
And ſcorn ill Actions and ill Men.
Beneath this Lime-Tree's fragrant Shade,
On Beds of Flowers ſupinely laid,
Let's then all other Cares remove,
And drink and ſing to thoſe we love.
Here's to *Neæra*, Heaven deſign'd
Perfection of the Charming Kind,
Whoſe Beauty, Voice, and wondrous Wit
Lays all adoring at her Feet;
Makes Angels envy, Nature vain,
And me delight in hopeleſs Pain.
May ſhe be bleſs'd, as ſhe is fair,
And pity me as I love her;
The reſt let's leave to th' unſeen Powers,
This Moment and this Glaſs is ours.

The PLATONICK.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

FAIREST *Octavia*, you are much to blame,
To blow the Fire, and wonder at the Flame.
I did converſe, 'tis true, ſo far was mine;
But that I lov'd, and hop'd, was wholly thine;
Not hop'd, as others do, for a Return,
But that I might without offending burn.
I thought thoſe Eyes, which every hour enſlave,
Could not remember all the Wounds they gave:
Forgotten in the Croud, I wiſh'd to lie,
And of your Coldneſs, not your Anger, die.
Yet ſince you know I love, 'tis now no time
Longer to hide, let me excuſe the Crime;
Seeing what Laws I to my Paſſion give,
Perhaps you may conſent that it ſhould live.
First, it never ſhall a Hope advance
Of waiting on you, but by ſeeming Chance.
I at a diſtance will adore your Eyes,
As awful *Perſians* do the Eaſtern Skies:
I never will preſume to think of Sex,
Nor with groſs Thoughts my deathleſs Love perplex:
I tread a pleaſant Path without Deſign;
And to thy Care my Happineſs reſign:
From Heaven it ſelf thy Beauty cannot be
A freer Gift, than is my Love to thee.

To

To a Devout Young Woman.

By the ſame Author.

PHILLIS, this mighty Zeal aſſuage,
You over-act your Part,
The Martyrs at your tender Age,
Gave Heaven but half their Heart.

Old Men (till paſt the Pleaſure) ne'er
Declaim againſt the Sin,
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at Fifteen.

The World, to Youth, is too ſevere;
And like a treacherous Light,
Beauty, the Actions of the Fair,
Expoſes to their Sight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by't too;
Wiſe Combinations ſeldom miſs,
Let's try what we can do.

SONG.

SONG.

By the ſame Author.

WHEN *Aurelia* firſt became
The Miſtreſs of his Heart,
So mild and gentle was her Reign,
Thyrſis, in hers, had part.

Reſerves and Care he laid aſide,
And gave his Love the Reins;
The headlong Courſe he now muſt bide,
No other way remains.

At firſt her Cruelty he fear'd;
But that being overcome,
No Second for awhile appear'd,
And he thought all his own:

He call'd himſelf a happier Man
Than ever lov'd before;
Her Favours ſtill his Hopes out-ran,
What Mortal can have more?

Love ſmil'd at firſt, then looking grave,
Said, *Thyrſis*, leave to boaſt;
More Joy than all her Kindneſs gave,
Her Fickleneſs will coſt.

He

He ſpoke, and from that fatal time
All *Thyrſis* did, or ſaid,
Appear'd unwelcome, or a Crime,
To the ungrateful Maid.

Then he, deſpairing of her Heart,
Would fain have had his own.
Love anſwer'd, Such a Nymph could part
With nothing ſhe had won.

On the lamented Death of the late Counteſs of DORSET.

By N. TATE, Servant to his Majeſty.

HOME, Shepherds to your Cottages retire,
Your *Dorſet* mourns, no more the Pipe inſpire:
Your Mirth is done, your Care is vain; what need
To tend thoſe Flocks, that will no longer feed?
Nature her ſelf concern'd for him appears,
Sables for his and her loſt Darling wears,
She ſighs in Storms, and weeps in Seas of Tears.
Ev'n Earth that does the precious Relicks ſhroud,
Laments the Treaſure that ſhou'd make her proud:
Alone exempted from the gen'ral Care,
The Skies rejoice to have regain'd their Star.

Profane

Profane Diſeaſe; the Crime had been too great,
In only batt'ring of ſo fair a Seat!
Which ſpightfully thou quite haſt undermin'd,
Becauſe the bright Remains would ſtill have ſhin'd:
So envious *Rome* no Method could employ
Fair *Carthage* to ſubdue, but to deſtroy.
Mute are the Groves, where happy Shepherds ſung,
And *Philomel* once more has loſt her Tongue:
The Palm and Myrtle Glades no longer pleaſe;
Cypreſs and Yew are now the only Trees.
The ruthfull'ſt Objects, moſt Endearments have,
The uncooth Vale delights, and gloomy Cave
Can pleaſe becauſe it repreſents the Grave.
Tears our Refreſhment are, our ſole Relief,
To give Deſpair free ſcope,
To ſet the Sluices ope,
And roll with the impetuous Tide of Grief.
Let the next Age the coſtly Tomb prepare,
To her ſhrin'd Image come, and ſeek her there;
The preſent rears, beyond the Power of Art,
A breathing Monument in ev'ry Heart.
What Rhet'rick can divorce, what Charms of Verſe,
The ſighing Mother from her Darling's Hearſe?
To trace her Features, and her Virtues paint,
In Form an Angel, as in Life a Saint;
Are Themes ill ſuited to a Parent's Grief,
The Food of Sorrow, and unkind Relief:
One only Sov'reign Balm ſick Nature bears,
A ſympathizing Royal Mourner's Tears:
Though Gods, nor Goddeſſes, may Fate reverſe,
Our Goddeſs weeping, conſecrates the Hearſe.

Behold, forlorn the Muſes Patron laid,
With mourning *Cupids* in the Cypreſs Shade;
Of Fate, nor cruel Skies, he once complains,
But inwardly the Conflict deep ſuſtains,
The ſtruggling Tumult in his Breaſt reſtrains.

O *DORSET*, could our worthleſs Life pretend
(Whoſe Comforts only on thy Smiles depend)
To bribe thy Griefs, how pleas'd cou'd we reſign
Our Breaths, compounding for one Pang of thine?
Our uſeleſs Breaths are tender'd now in vain,
Since tuneful Notes no more muſt chear the Plain:
Let Numbers ceaſe; for whom ſhould they relieve,
That can no Comfort to their Patron give?

Yet *DORSET* live, in pity to the Age,
That to condole thy Loſs forgets its Rage;
The impious Age ſtill from one Crime is free,
Mad with inteſtine Strife we all agree,
As in admiring in lamenting thee!

Let thoſe dear Pledges intercede at leaſt,
The living Relicks of the fair Deceas'd;
Till infant Beauty to full Bloom arrives,
The Mother's Virtues, and her Charms revives:
Till dawning *Buckhurſt* to his Zenith riſe,
And gild (like you) and warm our Northern Skies.
Till then indulge our deareſt Wiſhes Scope,
Next Age's *DORSET*, *Britain*'s ſecond Hope.

To CHLORIS.

By Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

CHLORIS, I cannot ſay your Eyes
Did my unwary Heart ſurprize,
Nor will I ſwear it was your Face,
Your Shape or any nameleſs Grace;
For you are ſo entirely Fair,
To love a Part, Injuſtice were.
No drowning Man can know which Drop
Of Water his laſt Breath did ſtop:
So when the Stars in Heaven appear,
And join to make the Night look clear;
The Light we no one's Bounty call,
But the united Work of all.
He that doth Lips or Hands adore,
Deſerves them only, and no more;
But I Love All, and every Part,
And nothing leſs can eaſe my Heart.
Cupid that Lover weakly ſtrikes,
Who can expreſs what 'tis he likes.

SONG.

By the ſame Author.

AURELIA, art thou mad
To let the World in me
Envy Joys I never had,
And cenſure them in thee?

Fill'd with Grief for what is paſt,
Let us at length be wiſe,
And the Banquet boldly taſte,
Since we have paid the Price.

Love does eaſy Souls deſpiſe,
Who loſe themſelves for Toys,
And Eſcape for thoſe deviſe,
Who taſte his utmoſt Joys.

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
Like theirs a Folly is,
Who are for vain Swearing damn'd,
And knew no higher Bliſs.

Love ſhould like the Year be crown'd,
With ſweet Variety;
Hope ſhould in the Spring be found
Kind Fears, and Jealouſy.

In the Summer Flowers ſhould riſe,
And in the Autumn Fruit;
His Spring doth elſe but mock our Eyes,
And in a Scoff ſalute.

A SONG.

By the ſame Author.

LOVE ſtill has ſomething of the Sea,
From whence his Mother roſe;
No Time his Slaves from Doubt can free,
Nor give their Thoughts repoſe:

They are becalm'd in cleareſt Days,
And in rough Weather toſt;
They wither under cold Delays,
Or are in Tempeſts loſt.

One while they ſeem to touch the Port,
Then ſtraight into the Main,
Some angry Wind, in cruel Sport,
Their Veſſel drives again.

At firſt, Diſdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'ſcape,
Rivals and Falſhood ſoon appear
In a more dreadful Shape.

By ſuch Degrees to Joy they come,
And are ſo long withſtood;
So ſlowly they receive the Sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain;
And to defer a Bliſs,
Believe me, gentle *Hermoine*,
No leſs inhuman is.

An hundred Thouſand Oaths your Fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And If I gaz'd a Thouſand Years,
I cou'd no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to gueſs,
Than for me to explain;
But grant, O grant that Happineſs,
Which only does remain.

A Dialogue between AMINTAS *and* CELIA.

By the ſame Author.

CELIA.

AMINTAS, I am come alone,
According as I ſaid;
But whither is thy Honour flown?
I fear I am betray'd:
Thy Looks are chang'd, and in the place
Of innocent Deſires,
Methinks I ſee thy Eyes and Face
Burn with unuſual Fires.

AMINTAS.

Sees not my *Celia* Nature wear
One Countenance in the Spring,
And yet another Shape prepare,
To bring the Harveſt in?
Look on the Eagle, how unlike
He to the Egg is found,
When he prepares his Pownce to ſtrike
His Prey againſt the Ground.
Fears might my Infant Love become;
'Twere want of Kindneſs now,
Should Modeſty my Hope benumb,
Or check what you allow.

CELIA.

Amintas hold, What could you worſe
To worſt of Women do?
Ah! How could you a Paſſion nurſe
So much my Honour's Foe?

AMINTAS.

Make not an Idol of a Toy,
Which every Breath can ſhake,
Which all muſt have, or none enjoy,
What Courſe ſoe'er we take:
Whil'ſt Woman hate, or Men are vain,
You cannot be ſecure;
What makes my *Celia* then a pain
So fruitleſs to endure?

CELIA.

Could I the World neglect for thee,
Thy Love tho dear it coſt,
In ſome unkind Conceit of me,
Would be untimely loſt;
Thou wouldſt thy own Example fear,
And every heedleſs Word
I chance let fall beyond thy Care,
Would ſome new Doubt afford.

AMINTAS.

If I am jealous, 'tis becauſe
I know not where you love;
With me fulfil Love's gentle Laws,
And all my Fears remove.

CELIA.

CELIA.

Women, like things at ſecond hand,
Do half their Value loſe;
But whilſt all Courtſhip they withſtand,
May at their Pleaſure chuſe.

AMINTAS.

This were a fine Diſcourſe, my Dear,
If we were not alone;
But now Love whiſpers in my Ear,
There's ſomewhat to be done.
She ſaid ſhe never would forgive;
He kiſſing, ſwore ſhe ſhould;
And told her, ſhe was mad to ſtrive
Againſt their mutual Good.
What farther paſt, I cannot tell,
But ſure not much amiſs;
He vow'd he lov'd her dearly well,
She anſwer'd with a Kiſs.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah.

By Mrs. WHARTON.

CHAP. I.

The Argument.

Verſe 1. *The miſerable Eſtate of* Jeruſalem, *by reaſon of her Sin.* 12. *She complaineth of her Grief.* 18. *And confeſſeth God's Judgments to be righteous.*

1. HOW doth the mournful widow'd City bow?
She that was once ſo great: Alas, how low!
Once fill'd with Joy, with Deſolation now.

2. Tears on her Cheeks, and Sables on her Head,
She mourns her Lovers loſt, and Comforts dead:
Alas! alas! loſt City, where are thoſe,
So proud once to be Friends, now turn'd her Foes?

3. *Judah* is gone; alas! to Bondage gone,
Amongſt the Heathen *Judah* mourns alone;
Griev'd, and in Servitude, ſhe finds no Reſt,
Follow'd by none but thoſe by whom oppreſt.

4. The Feaſts of *Zion*, no one now attends,
Unhappy *Zion!* deſtitute of Friends;

Her

Her Prieſts ſtill ſigh, and all her Virgins mourn,
Becauſe her Gladneſs now finds no return.

5. Her Enemies are great, and ever nigh,
Still fortunate, becauſe her Crimes were high:
Her captiv'd Children ſtill her Guilt upbraid,
Who mourn whilſt their inſulting Foes invade.

6. Her Beauty which excell'd is now no more,
That Brightneſs which all Nations did adore;
Her Princes are like hunted Harts become,
Breathleſs and faint, whilſt the Purſuit goes on:
Alas! for *Zion*, all their Strength is gone.

7. *Jeruſalem* then thought upon the Hour
When ſhe was crown'd with Peace, Delight and Power;
Thoughts once ſo joyful, mournful now and vain,
The Foe inſults, whilſt ſhe no Help ſuſtains,
Mocking both at her Sabbaths and her Pains.

8. Her Crimes have caus'd her to be far remov'd,
Jeruſalem, who was ſo well belov'd.
All thoſe, who in her Pride admir'd her Fame,
Deſpiſe her now, becauſe they've ſeen her Shame:
Sighing ſhe turns away, with Shame diſtreſs'd,
Amaz'd, deſpis'd, deſerted, and oppreſs'd.

9. Circled with Guilt and Shame ſhe cannot fly,
Her Comfort's far remov'd, her End too nigh:
She vainly thinks on that 'tis now too late,
Behold thoſe Griefs which no one can repeat,
Her Fall is ſteep, and all her Foes are great.

10. Her

10. Her Sanctuary is by them betray'd,
All her Delights they careleſly invade;
Even the Heathen, of whom God had ſaid,
They ſhould not in her Holy Temple tread.

11. Her hungry People ſigh and give away,
For Bread, their Treaſures, leſt their Lives decay.
Conſider, Lord, ſee her with Cares bow'd down,
For I am vile, and *Zion* left alone.

12. All you who paſs this way, behold and ſee,
Are my Griefs ſmall? Do others grieve like me?
Are not theſe Sorrows, under which I bow,
With which the Lord hath brought my Soul ſo low?
Turn back and mourn with me, becauſe my Lord
In his fierce Anger doth no Peace afford.

13. He from above hath Flames and Horror ſent,
Circling my Soul with Pain and Diſcontent:
His Snares, alas! my weary Feet betray,
Whilſt deſolate and faint, I mourn all Day
For *Zion* loſt, her Glory thrown away.

14. Our Sins have brought thoſe Chains which his Command
Hath faſten'd now (who can his Power withſtand?)
Now they are link'd by his Almighty Hand.
The Lord forſakes, and I am now the Scorn
Of Enemies, becauſe of God forlorn:
He was my Strength, and now, alas! 'tis gone.

15. My

15. My mighty Men are all by him caſt down,
They're cruſh'd by Numbers, and I'm left alone;
Whilſt ſilently thy Virgin Daughters mourn,
Unhappy mournful *Judah* left forlorn.

16. For this I weep, and waſte my ſelf in Tears,
Becauſe her Help's far off, and Sorrow's near:
Ah wretched *Judah!* where is now thy Hope?
Thy Foes ſtill triumph whilſt thy Children droop.

17. *Zion* ſpreads forth her Arms to be reliev'd,
But who can comfort whom the Lord hath griev'd?
Her Enemies increaſe and flouriſh ſtill,
By his Command, by his all-powerful Will:
Ah wretched City, ſcorn'd and ſham'd by all,
Who can enough lament thy dreadful Fall?

18. Yet he is juſt, for I am guilty found,
The Lord with Righteouſneſs is always crown'd.
Ye that paſs by, ſee me with Sorrows drown'd,
My weight of Sin hath preſs'd me to the Ground:
Who is it now my Freedom can reſtore?
My Youth and Captive Virgins are no more.

19. I call'd for all my Friends, but they were gone,
Friendſhip grows cold, when Miſery comes on:
With Hunger pin'd, my Prieſts and Rulers dy'd,
Within my Walls periſh'd my Strength and Guide.

20. My Crimes were great, ſo are my Sorrows now,
Behold, my Lord, ſee the Afflicted bow;

Abroad

Abroad th' unwearied Sword bereaves of Breath,
And Grief at home is a more cruel Death.

21. All round me hear my Sighs, and ſee my Tears,
Whilſt there is none that can relieve my Cares:
My Foes hear, and rejoice at what is done;
But thou wilt ſurely, Lord, at laſt return,
And then the Enemy, like me, will mourn.

22. Their Crimes are great; turn, mighty Lord, and ſee
Afflict them then as thou afflicteſt me:
My Griefs are great, turn therefore and relent,
My Sighs are many, and my Heart is faint.

To CELIA.

By an Unknown Hand.

ALL things ſubmit themſelves to your Command,
Fair *Celia*, when it does not Love withſtand;
The Power it borrow'd from your Eyes alone,
All but himſelf would yield to who has none:
Were he not blind, ſuch are the Charms you have,
He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave;
Be proud to act a mortal Hero's Part,
And throw himſelf, for Fame, on his own Dart:
But Fate hath otherwiſe diſpos'd of things,
In different Bonds ſubjecting Slaves and Kings.

That

That Fate (like you, reſiſtleſs) does ordain
That Love alone ſhould over Beauty reign.
By Harmony the Univerſe does move,
And what is Harmony but mutual Love?
See gentle Brooks how quietly they glide,
Kiſſing the rugged Banks on either ſide,
Whilſt in their Chryſtal Stream at once they ſhow,
And with them feed the Flowers which they beſtow:
Tho preſs'd upon by their too rude Embrace,
In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Pace
To their lov'd Sea; for ev'n Streams have Deſires,
Cool as they are, they feel Love's pow'rful Fires;
And with ſuch Paſſion, that if any Force
Stop or moleſt them in their amorous Courſe,
They ſwell with Rage, break down, and ravage o'er
The Banks they kiſs'd, the Flowers they fed before.
Who would reſiſt an Empire ſo Divine,
Which Univerſal Nature does enjoin?
Submit then, *Celia*, e'er you be reduc'd,
For Rebels vanquiſh'd once are vilely us'd:
And ſuch are you, whene'er you dare obey
Another Paſſion, and your Love betray.
You are Love's Citadels, by you he reigns,
And his proud Empire o'er the World maintains:
He truſts you with his Stratagems and Arms,
His Frowns, his Smiles, and all his conquering Charms.
Beauty's no more but the dead Soil which Love
Manures, and does by wiſe Commerce improve;
Sailing by Sighs, thro Seas of Tears, he ſends
Courtſhip from foreign Hearts; for your own Ends
Cheriſh a Trade: For as with *Indians* we
Get Gold and Jewels for our Trumpery;

So to each other, for their uſeleſs Toys,
Lovers afford ineſtimable Joys.
But if you're fond of Trifles, be, and ſtarve,
Your Gugaw Reputation preſerve;
Live upon Modeſty and empty Fame,
Forgoing Senſe for a fantaſtick Name.

SONG.

By a Perſon of Honour.

AS he lay in the Plain, his Arm under his Head,
And his Flock feeding by, the fond *Celadon* ſaid,
If Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter (ſaid he) whence are Lovers content?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my Fate when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.
To my ſelf I ſigh often without knowing why,
And when abſent from *Phillis* methinks I could die;
But, Oh! what a Pleaſure ſtill follows my Pain,
When kind Fortune does help me to ſee her again
In her Eyes (the bright Stars that foretel what's to come)
By ſoft Stealth now and then I examine my Doom.
I preſs her Hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate Silence I make my Love known;
But, Oh! how I'm bleſs'd, when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake to diſcover her Love:

When

When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

SONG.

By Mrs. WHARTON.

HOW hardly I conceal'd my Tears?
How oft did I complain?
When many tedious Days my Fears
Told me I lov'd in vain.

But now my Joys as wild are groan,
And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a ſilent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating Flocks,
To every Stream and Tree,
And bleſs the hollow murmuring Rocks
For echoing back to me.

Thus you may ſee with how much Joy
We want, we wiſh, believe;
'Tis hard ſuch Paſſion to deſtroy,
But eaſy to deceive.

On the Death of Mr. Abraham Cowley, *and his Burial in* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

By the Earl of Orrery.

OUR Wit, till *Cowley* did its Luſtre raiſe,
May be reſembled to the firſt three Days;
In which did ſhine only ſuch Streaks of Light,
As ſerv'd but to diſtinguiſh Day from Night:
But Wit breaks forth in all that he has done,
Like Light when 'twas united in the Sun.
The Poets formerly did lie in wait
To rifle thoſe whom they would imitate:
We watch'd to rob all Strangers when they writ,
And learnt their Language but to ſteal their Wit.
He from that Need his Country does redeem,
Since thoſe who want may be ſupply'd from him;
And foreign Nations now may borrow more
From *Cowley*, than we could from them before:
Who tho he condeſcended to admit
The *Greeks* and *Romans* for his Guides in Wit;
Yet he thoſe antient Poets does purſue,
But as the *Spaniards* great *Columbus* do:
He taught them firſt to the New World to ſteer,
But they poſſeſs all that is precious there.

When

When firſt his Spring of Wit began to flow,
It rais'd in ſome Wonder and Sorrow too,
That God had ſo much Wit and Knowledg lent,
And that they were not in his Praiſes ſpent.
But thoſe who in his *Davideis* look,
Find they his Bloſſoms for his Fruit miſtook;
In diff'ring Ages diff'rent Muſes ſhin'd
His Green did charm the Senſe, his Ripe the Mind.
Writing for Heaven, he was inſpir'd from thence,
And from his Theme deriv'd his Influence.
The Scripture will no more the Wicked fright,
His Muſe does make Religion a Delight.
Oh how ſeverely Man is us'd by Fate!
The Covetous toil long for an Eſtate;
And having got more than their Life can ſpend,
They may bequeath it to a Son or Friend:
But Learning (in which none can have a ſhare,
Unleſs they climb to it by Time and Care,
Learning, the trueſt Wealth which Man can have)
Does, with his Body, periſh in his Grave.
To Tenements of Clay it is confin'd,
Tho 'tis the nobleſt Purchaſe of the Mind:
Oh! why can we thus leave our Friends poſſeſt
Of all our Acquiſitions but the beſt?
Still when we ſtudy *Cowley*, we lament,
That to the World he was no longer lent;
Who, like a Lightning, to our Eyes was ſhown,
So bright he ſhin'd, and was ſo quickly gone.
Sure he rejoic'd to ſee his Flame expire,
Since he himſelf could not have rais'd it higher;
For when wiſe Poets can no higher fly,
They would, like Saints, in their perfection die.

Tho

Tho Beauty ſome Affection in him bred,
Yet only ſacred Learning he would wed;
By which th' illuſtrious Offspring of his Brain
Shall over Wit's great Empire ever reign:
His Works ſhall live, when Pyramids of Pride
Shrink to ſuch Aſhes as they long did hide.

That ſacrilegious Fire (which did laſt Year
Level thoſe Piles which Piety did rear)
Dreaded near that Majeſtick Church to fly,
Where *Engliſh* Kings, and *Engliſh* Poets lie.
It at an awful Diſtance did expire,
Such Pow'r had ſacred Aſhes o'er that Fire;
Such as it durſt not near that Structure come,
Which Fate had order'd to be *Cowley*'s Tomb;
And 'twill be ſtill preſerv'd, by being ſo,
From what the Rage of future Flames can do:
Material Fire dares not that Place infeſt,
Where he who had immortal Flame does reſt.

There let his Urn remain; for it was fit
Amongſt our Kings to lay the King of Wit:
By which the Structure more renown'd will prove
For that Part bury'd, than for all above.

On the Death of King CHARLES *the Second.*

Writ at that time by the Right Honourable CHARLES MOUNTAGUE Baron HALIFAX.

FAREWEL, Great *Charles*, Monarch of bleſt Renown,
The beſt good Man that ever fill'd a Throne:
Whom Nature, as her higheſt Pattern, wrought,
And mix'd both Sexes Vertues in one Draught;
Wiſdom for Councils, Bravery in War,
With all the mild Good-nature of the Fair.
The Woman's Sweetneſs temper'd manly Wit,
And loving Power did, crown'd with Meekneſs, ſit;
His awful Perſon Reverence engag'd,
Which mild Addreſs and Tenderneſs aſſuag'd.
Thus the Almighty Gracious King above,
Does both command our Fear, and win our Love.
With Wonders born, by Miracles preſerv'd,
A Heavenly Hoſt the Infant's Cradle ſerv'd;
And Men his healing Empire's Omen read,
When Sun with Stars, and Day with Night agreed.
His Youth for valorous Patience was renown'd,
Like *David*, perſecuted firſt, then crown'd:
Lov'd in all Courts, admir'd where'er he came,
At once our Nation's Glory, and its Shame.

They

They bleſt the Iſle where ſuch great Spirits dwell,
Abhor'd the Men that could ſuch Worth expel.
To ſpare our Lives, he meekly did defeat
Thoſe *Sauls*, whom wand'ring Aſſes made ſo great;
Waiting till Heaven's Election ſhould be ſhown,
And the Almighty ſhould his Unction own,
And own he did——His powerful Arm diſplay'd,
And *Iſrael*, the Belov'd of God, obey'd:
Call'd by his Peoples Tears, he came, he eas'd
The groaning Nation, the black Storms appeas'd:
Did greater Bleſſings than he took afford,
England it ſelf was more than he reſtor'd.
Unhappy *Albion!* by ſtrange Ills oppreſt,
In various Fevers toſt, could find no Reſt:
Quite ſpent and wearied, to his Arms ſhe fled,
And reſted on his Shoulders her fair bending Head.
In Conqueſts mild, he came from Exile kind,
No Climes, no Provocations chang'd his Mind;
No Malice ſhow'd, no Hate, Revenge, or Pride,
But rul'd as meekly as his Father dy'd:
Eas'd us from endleſs Wars, made Diſcords ceaſe,
Reſtor'd to Quiet, and maintain'd in Peace;
A mighty Series of new Time began,
And rolling Years in joyful Circles ran.
Then Wealth the City, Buſineſs fill'd the Port,
To Mirth our Tumults turn'd, our Wars to Sport:
Then Learning flouriſh'd, blooming Arts did ſpring,
And the glad Muſes prun'd their drooping Wing:
Then did our flying Towers Improvement know,
Who now command as far as Winds can blow.
With Canvaſs Wings round all the Globe they fly,
And, built by *Charles*'s Art, all Storms defy:

To

To ev'ry Coaſt with ready Sails are hurl'd,
Fill us with Wealth, and with our Fame the World;
From whoſe Diſtractions Seas do us divide,
Their Riches here in floating Caſtles ride.
We reap the ſwarthy *Indian*'s Sweat and Toil,
Their Fruit, without the Miſchiefs of their Soil;
Here in cool Shades their Gold and Pearls receive,
Free from the Heat which does their Luſtre give:
In *Perſian* Silks eat *Eaſtern* Spice; ſecure
From burning Fluxes, and their Calenture.
Under our Vines upon the peaceful Shore,
We ſee all *Europe* toſs'd, hear Tempeſts roar:
Rapine, Sword, Wars, and Famine rage abroad,
While *Charles* their Hoſt, like *Jove* from *Ida*, aw'd
Us from our Foes, and from our ſelves did ſhield,
Our Towns from Tumults, and from Arms the Field.
For when bold Factions Goodneſs could diſdain,
Unwillingly he us'd a ſtraiter Rein:
In the ſtill gentle Voice he lov'd to ſpeak,
But could with Thunder harden'd Rebels break.
Yet tho they wak'd the Laws, his tender Mind
Was undiſturb'd, in Wrath ſeverely kind.
Tempting his Power, and urging to aſſume;
Thus *Jove* in Love did *Semele* conſume.
As the ſtout Oak, when round his Trunk the Vine,
Does in ſoft Wreaths, and amorous Foldings twine,
Eaſy and ſlight appears: The Winds from far
Summon their noiſy Forces to the War.
But tho ſo gentle ſeems his outward Form,
His hidden Strength outbraves the loudeſt Storm;
Firmer he ſtands, and boldly keeps the Field,
Showing ſtout Minds, when unprovok'd, are mild.

So when the Good Man made the Croud preſume,
He ſhow'd himſelf, and did the King aſſume:
For Goodneſs in Exceſs may be a Sin,
Juſtice muſt tame whom Mercy cannot win.
Thus Winter fixes the unſtable Sea,
And teaches reſtleſs Water Conſtancy,
Which under the warm Influence of bright Days,
The fickle Motion of each Blaſt obeys.
To bridle Factions, ſtop Rebellion's Courſe
By eaſy Methods, vanquiſh without Force;
Relieve the Good, bold ſtubborn Foes ſubdue,
Mildneſs in Wrath, Meekneſs in Anger ſhew;
Were Arts Great *Charles*'s Prudence only knew:
To fright the Bad thus awful Thunder rolls,
While the bright Bow ſecures the faithful Souls.

Such is thy Glory, *Charles*, thy laſting Name,
Brighter than our proud Neighbour's guilty Fame:
More noble than the Spoils that Battles yield,
Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to make Wars ceaſe,
And without fighting awe the World to Peace:
For proudeſt Triumphs from Contempt ariſe,
The Vanquiſh'd firſt the Conqueror's Arms deſpiſe.
Won Enſigns are the gaudy Marks of Scorn,
They brave the Victor firſt, and then adorn:
But peaceful Monarchs reign like Gods, while none
Diſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence their Throne.
Tygers, and Bears, with all the ſavage Hoſt,
May Boldneſs, Strength, and daring Conqueſt boaſt;
But the ſweet Paſſions of a generous Mind,
Are the Prerogative of Human-kind,

The Godlike Image on our Clay impreſt,
The darling Attribute which Heaven loves beſt:
In *Charles*, ſo good a Man and King, we ſee
A double Image of the Deity.
Oh had he more reſembled it! Oh why
Was he not ſtill more like, and could not die?
Now do our Thoughts alone enjoy his Name,
And faint Ideas of our Bleſſing frame.
In *Thames*, the Ocean's Darling, *England*'s Pride,
The pleaſing Emblem of his Reign does glide:
Thames, the Support and Glory of our Iſle,
Richer than *Tagus*, or *Egyptian Nile*.
Tho no rich Sand in him, no Pearls are found,
Yet Fields rejoice, his Meadows laugh around;
Leſs Wealth his Boſom holds, leſs guilty Stores,
For he exhauſts himſelf t' enrich the Shores:
Mild and ſerene the peaceful Current flows,
No angry Foam, no raging Surges knows;
No dreadful Wreck upon his Banks appears,
His Cryſtal Stream unſtain'd by Widow's Tears,
His Channel ſtrong and eaſy, deep and clear.
No arbitrary Inundations ſweep
The Plowman's Hopes, and Life into the Deep,
The even Waters the old Limits keep.
But, Oh! he ebbs, the ſmiling Waves decay,
(For ever, lovely Stream, for ever ſtay!)
To the black Sea his ſilent Courſe does bend,
Where the beſt Streams the longeſt Rivers end;
His ſpotleſs Waves there undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
None ſee how clear, how bounteous ſweet he was:
No Difference now (tho late ſo much) is ſeen
'Twixt him, fierce *Rhine*, and the impetuous *Seyne*.

But, lo! the joyful Tide our Hopes reſtores,
And dancing Waves extend the widening Shores:
James is our *Charles* in all things but in name;
Thus *Thames* is daily loſt, yet ſtill the ſame.

On the Marriage of the Lady MARY *with the Prince of* ORANGE.

By EDMUND WALLER, in the Year 1677.

AS once the Lion Honey gave,
Out of the Strong ſuch Sweetneſs came;
A Royal Hero, no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely Dame.

To her the Prince, that did oppoſe
Such mighty Armies in the Field,
And *Holland*, from prevailing Foes,
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not *Belgia*'s Fleet (his high Command)
Which triumphs where the Sun does riſe,
Nor all the Force he leads by Land,
Could guard him from her conquering Eyes.

Orange, with Youth, Experience has,
In Action young, in Counſel old:
Orange is what *Auguſtus* was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair Tree, which bears his Name,
Bloſſoms and Fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the ſame,
His flow'ry Youth with Wiſdom crown'd.

Empire and Freedom reconcil'd
In *Holland* are, by Great *Naſſau*;
Like thoſe he ſprung from, juſt and mild,
To willing People he gives Law.

Thrice happy Pair, ſo near ally'd
In Royal Blood, and Virtue too;
Now Love has you together ty'd,
Let none this Triple Knot undo.

The Church ſhall be the happy Place,
Where Streams which from the ſame Source run,
(Tho divers Lands a-while they grace)
United there again make one.

A thouſand Thanks the Nation owes
To him that does protect us all;
For while he thus his Niece beſtows,
About our Iſle he builds a Wall.

A Wall like that which *Athens* had,
By th' Oracle's Advice, of Wood:
Had theirs been ſuch, as *Charles* has made,
That mighty State till now had ſtood.

On reading Mr. Waller's *Poems.*

INHUMAN *Sachariſſa !* not to love
The Man, whoſe Verſe would Rocks to pity move:
E'er ſince *Amphion* ſung, they Senſe retain,
And Verſe may ſoften all things but Diſdain.
As him the pointed Lightning of your Eyes,
Me the bright Beauties of his Wit ſurprize;
In vain like him I ſigh, in vain I mourn,
For *Waller*'s Muſe has *Sachariſſa*'s Scorn.

To a Lady, with Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt.*

SEE here how bright the Firſt-born Virgin ſhone !
And how the firſt fond Lover was undone !
Such powerful Words our charming Mother ſpoke,
As *Milton*'s are, and ſuch as yours her Look.
Your's the beſt Copy of th' Original Face,
Whoſe Beauty was to furniſh all her Race :
Your Charms no Author can eſcape but he,
There's no way to be ſafe, but not to ſee.

In

In Imitation of Milton.

———*Sing Heavenly Muſe*
Things unattempted yet in Proſe or Rhyme,
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimera's dire.

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In ſilken or in leathern Purſe retains
A ſplendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for cheerful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Miſts ariſe,
To *Juniper's*, or *Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Flames,
Chloe or *Phillis*; he each circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while he ſmokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or Pun ambiguous, or Conundrum quaint.
But I whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff
(Wretched Repaſt) my meagre Corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers, or from Tube as black
As Winter's Chimney, or well-poliſh'd Jett,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming Smoke.

Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter ſize,
Smokes *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedegree,
Sprung from *Cadwallader* and *Arthur*, antient Kings,
Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and fruitleſs Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing rides, with a deſign
To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the antient Town
Hight *Morgannumia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*' fruitful Soil;
Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setian*, or renown'd *Falern*.
Thus while my joyleſs Hours I lingring ſpend,
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace a Dunn,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Citadel aſcends;
With vocal Heel thrice thundring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls: I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound;
What ſhould I do, or whither turn? amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole: ſtrait my briſtling Hairs erect,
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
So horrible he ſeems. His faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and Conick Beard,
And ſpreading Band admir'd by Modern Saint,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode: in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eye: (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men!) Behind him ſtalks

Another

Another Monſter, not unlike himſelf,
Of Aſpect ſullen, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*: whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms,
Erſt have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body to the Touch
Obſequious (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted Caſtle is convey'd;
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Charms,
In Durance vile detain him, till in form
Of Mony *Pallas* ſet the Captive free.
Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken
This Caitiff eyes your ſteps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Creek or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets ſing)
Grimalkin, to domeſtick Vermin ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eye,
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtleſs Mice
Sure Ruin. So her diſembowell'd Web
The Spider in a Hall or Kitchin ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: ſhe ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell; the humming Prey,
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils
Inextricable, nor will ought avail
Their Arts nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue:
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,

Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make. With eager Strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcaſes triumphant drags.
So paſs my Days: But when nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſuades Men to repel benumming Froſts
With pleaſant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;
Me lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of lovely Friend delights. Diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkning I ſigh, and feed with diſmal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or ſometimes mournful Verſe
Indite, and ſing of Groves and myrtle Shades,
Or deſperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh in vain; my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repoſe:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy ſtill awake,
Longing for Drink, and eager in my Dream,
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale.
Awake, I find the ſettled Thirſt——
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant Phantom curſe.
Thus do I live from Pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, John-Apple nor the downy Peach,
Nor Walnut in rough-furrow'd Coat ſecure,
Nor Medlar Fruit, delicious in Decay:

Afflic-

Afflictions great! Yet greater ſtill remain;
My Galligaskins that have long withſtood
The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Froſts,
By Time ſubdu'd, (what will not Time ſubdue!)
A horrid Chaſm diſcloſe, with Orifice
Wide diſcontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blaſts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long ſail'd ſecure, or through th' *Egean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till cruiſing near
The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Cruſh
On *Scylla* or *Charibdis*' dangerous Rocks
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea in at the gaping Side;
The crouding Waves guſh with impetuous Rage,
Reſiſtleſs overwhelming: Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears;
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray;
Vain Efforts! ſtill the battering Waves ruſh in
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship ſinks foundring in the vaſt Abyſs.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT! put off with one Denial?
And not make a ſecond Tryal?
You might ſee my Eyes conſenting,
All about me was relenting:
Women oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly ſtorms.

II.

Lovers, when you ſigh and languiſh,
When you tell us of your Anguiſh;
To the Nymph you'll be more pleaſing,
When thoſe Sorrows you are eaſing:
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never wiſh the Foe ſhould ſpare.

A SONG.

By Mr. CHEEK.

BRIGHT *Cythia*'s Power, divinely great,
What Heart is not obeying?
A thouſand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.

She ſeems the Queen of Love to reign,
For ſhe alone diſpenſes
Such Sweets as beſt can entertain
The Guſt of all the Senſes.

Her Face a charming Proſpect brings,
Her Breath gives balmy Bliſſes;
I hear an Angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of Heaven in Kiſſes.

Four Senſes thus ſhe feaſts with Joy,
From Nature's chiefeſt Treaſure;
Let me the other Senſe employ,
And I ſhall die with pleaſure.

The ADVICE:
Addreſs'd to a Friend.

I.

WHAT has this Life to make it worth our Care?
What mighty Charms can wretched we deſcry,
Which can ſo great a Plague ſo much endear,
Or ſo ignobly make us fear to die?

II.

If we by various Paſſions are diſtreſs'd,
And daily toſs'd in Life's tempeſtuous Seas,
Why ſhould we thus the friendly Dart deteſt,
And fly the Bleſſing which affords us eaſe?

III.

Fierce Anger, ſordid Fear, and deep Deſpair,
With all the Paſſions which degrade the Man;
All theſe we can with ſervile Patience bear,
And, tho compleatly wretched, ſtill live on.

IV.

Or elſe perhaps we love; the charming Pain
Detains us Slaves to what will plague us moſt:
O how we fondly hug th'ignoble Chain,
Till Reaſon is in Folly's Mazes loſt!

V.

Ev'n, Freedom, we ſurvive the Loſs of thee,
Thou chiefeſt Bleſſing which Mankind can know;

When

When, if we will our ſelves, we may be free,
And ſoar above the Skies, and ſee the Earth below.

VI.

Condemn'd to Scorn, to Poverty and Shame,
Deſpis'd by all, or pity'd, which is worſe:
If we but live, if we but breathe, we name
That Life one Bleſſing, tho our greateſt Curſe.

VII.

The Gout, the Stone, like Martyrs we endure,
Thoſe Torments which our dear-bought Pleaſures give,
With all the Tortures which attend their Cure,
We freely bear, and all in hopes to live.

VIII.

Our Eaſe is tranſient, and our Hopes as vain,
With Force renew'd the ambuſh'd Foe returns;
The poor Diſeas'd finds, with redoubled Pain,
The Cure and the Diſeaſe torment by turns.

IX.

But tho unſhaken Reaſon does proclaim,
That there's eternal Eaſe among the Dead;
We quake, we ſicken at the bugbear Name,
And Fear almoſt performs the Work we dread.

X.

Tell me, deluded Mortals, tell me this,
Why we who are expos'd to Fortune's Hate,
Who ſee no Proſpect of advancing Bliſs,
Should drag a Life, and love th' oppreſſive Weight?

XI.

XI.

Come then, my Friend, with equal Cares diſtreſs'd,
Thou too kind Partner of reſiſtleſs Grief;
Let's on to Death, the ſureſt way to Reſt,
And court the fancy'd Tyrant for Relief.

The SPLEEN: *a Pindarique Ode.*

By a Lady.

WHAT art thou, *Spleen*, which every thing doſt ape?
Thou *Proteus* to abus'd Mankind,
Who never yet thy hidden Cauſe cou'd find,
Or fix thee to remain in one continu'd Shape;
Still varying thy perplexing Form,
Now a dead Sea thou'lt repreſent
A Calm of ſtupid Diſcontent,
Then claſhing on the Rocks, will rage into a Storm,
Trembling ſometimes thou doſt appear,
Diſſolv'd into a panick Fear:
On Sleep intruding, doſt thy Shadows ſpread
Thy gloomy Terrors round the ſilent Bed,
And croud with boding Dreams the melancholy Head.
Or when the midnight Hour is told,
And drooping Eyes thou ſtill doſt waking hold,
Thy fond Deluſions cheat the Eyes;
Before 'em antick Spectres dance,

Unuſual

Unuſual Fires their painted Heads advance,
And airy Phantoms riſe.
Such was the monſtrous Viſion ſeen,
When *Brutus* (now beneath his Cares oppreſs'd,
And all *Rome*'s Fortunes rolling in his Breaſt,
Before *Philippi*'s lateſt Field,
Before his Fate did to *Octavio*'s yield)
Was vanquiſh'd by the *Spleen*.

II.

Falſly the mortal part we blame
Of our depreſs'd and pondrous Frame,
Which, till the firſt degrading Sin
Let thee, its dull Attendant, in;
Still with the other did comply,
Nor clogg'd the active Soul, diſpos'd to fly,
And range the Manſions of its native Sky:
Nor whilſt in his own Heaven he dwelt,
Whilſt Man his Paradiſe poſſeſs'd,
His fertile Garden in the fragrant Eaſt,
And all united Odours felt.
No pointed Sweets until thy Reign,
Cou'd ſhock the Senſe, or in the Face
A fluſh'd unhandſome Colour place.
Now the Jonquil o'ercomes the feeble Brain,
We faint beneath the Aromatick Pain,
Till ſome offenſive Scent thy Powers appeaſe,
And Pleaſure we reſign for ſhort and nauſeous Eaſe.

III.

New are thy Motions, and thy Dreſs,
In every one thou doſt poſſeſs:

Here

Here ſome attentive ſecret Friend
Thy falſe Suggeſtions muſt attend,
Thy whiſper'd Griefs, thy fancy'd Sorrows hear,
Breath'd in a Sigh, and witneſs'd by a Tear.
Whilſt in the light and vulgar Croud
Thy Slaves more clamorous and loud,
By Laughter unprovok'd, thy Influence too confeſs.
In the imperious Wife thou Vapours art,
Which from o'er-heated Paſſions riſe
In Crouds to the attractive Brain;
Until deſcending thence again
Thro the o'ercaſt and ſhow'ring Eyes,
Upon the Husband's ſoftned Heart,
He the diſputed Point muſt yield,
Something reſign of the conteſted Field;
Till Lordly Man, born to Imperial Sway,
Compounds for Peace to make his Right away,
And Woman arm'd with *Spleen* does ſervilely obey.

IV.

The Fool, to imitate the Wits,
Complains of thy pretended Fits;
And Dulneſs, born with him, wou'd lay
Upon thy accidental Sway;
Becauſe thou doſt ſometimes preſume
Into the ableſt Heads to come,
That often Men of Thoughts refin'd,
Impatient of unequal Senſe,
Such ſlow Returns, where they ſo much diſpenſe,
Retiring from the Croud, are to thy Shades confin'd.
In me, alas! thou doſt too much prevail,
I feel thy force, while I againſt thee rail;
I feel my Verſe decay, and my crampt Numbers fail.

Through

Through thy black Jaundice I all Objects ſee,
As dark and terrible as thee;
My Lines decry'd, and my Employment thought
An uſeleſs Folly, or preſumptuous Fault:
While in the Muſes paths I ſtray,
While in their Groves, and by their Springs,
My Hand delights to trace uncommon things,
And deviates from the known and common way:
Nor will in fading Silks compoſe
Faintly th' inimitable Roſe;
Fill up an ill-drawn Bird, or paint on Glaſs
The Sovereign's blurr'd and undiſtinguiſh'd Face,
The threatning Angel, and the ſpeaking Aſs.

V.

Patron thou art of every groſs Abuſe,
The ſullen Husband's feign'd Excuſe,
When the ill Humour with his Wife he ſpends,
And bears recruited Wit and Spirits to his Friends.
The Son of *Bacchus* pleads thy Power,
As to the Glaſs he ſtill repairs,
Pretends but to remove thy Cares;
Snatch from thy Shades one gay and ſmiling Hour,
And drown thy Kingdom with a purple Show'r.
When the Coquet, whom every Fool admires,
Wou'd in Variety be fair,
And ſhifting haſtily the Scene,
From light, impertinent, and vain,
Aſſumes a ſoft and melancholy Air,
And of her Eyes rebates the wandring Fires;
The careleſs Poſture, and the Head reclin'd,
The thoughtful and compoſed Face

Proclaiming the withdrawn and abſent Mind,
Allows the Fop more liberty to gaze;
Who gently for the tender Cauſe enquires:
The Cauſe indeed is a Defect in Senſe;
But ſtill the *Spleen's* alledg'd, and ſtill the dull Pretence.

VI.

But theſe are thy fantaſtick Harms,
The Tricks of thy pernicious Rage,
Which do the weaker ſort engage;
Worſe are the dire Effects of thy more powerful Charms.
By thee, Religion, all we know
That ſhould enlighten her below,
Is veil'd in Darkneſs, and perplex'd
With anxious Doubts, with endleſs Scruples vex'd,
And ſome Reſtraint imply'd from each perverted Text:
Whilſt Taſte not, Touch not what is freely given,
Is but thy Niggard's Voice diſgracing bounteous Heaven.
From Speech reſtrain'd, by thy Deceits abus'd,
To Deſarts baniſh'd, and in Cells reclus'd;
Miſtaken Votaries to the Powers Divine,
While they a purer Sacrifice deſign,
Do but the *Spleen* adore, and worſhip at thy Shrine.

VII.

In vain to chaſe thee, every Art we try,
In vain all Remedies apply;
In vain the *Indian* Leaf infuſe,
Or the parch'd Eaſtern Berry bruiſe;
Some paſs in vain thoſe Bounds, and nobler Liquors uſe.

Now

Now Harmony in vain we bring,
Inſpire the Lute, and touch the String:
From Harmony no help is had,
Muſick but ſooths thee, if too ſweetly ſad;
And if too light, but turns thee gaily mad.
Not skilful *Lower* thy Source cou'd find,
Or through the well-diſſected Body trace
The ſecret and myſterious Ways,
By which thou doſt deſtroy and prey upon the Mind:
Tho in the Search, too deep for human Thought,
With unſucceſsful Toil he wrought,
Till in purſuit of thee himſelf was by thee caught;
Retain'd thy Priſoner, thy acknowledg'd Slave,
And ſunk beneath thy Weight to a lamented Grave.

A Proſpect of DEATH: *A Pindarique Eſſay.*

——*Sed Omnes una manet Nox,*
Et calcanda ſemel via Lethi.
Hor.

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after Death
Our State no Alteration knows;
But when we have reſign'd our Breath,
Th' immortal Spirit goes
To endleſs Joys, or everlaſting Woes:
Wiſe is that Man, who labours to ſecure
The mighty and important Stake;
And by all methods ſtrives to make
His Paſſage ſafe, and his Reception ſure.
Merely to die, no Man of Reaſon fears;
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to Duſt:
'Tis the laſt Point of many lingring Years.
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain wou'd know:
But human Underſtanding cannot ſhow.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange Apprehenſions in the Mind;

Fills

Fills it with reſtleſs Doubts and wild Debates,
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
None know what Death is, but the Dead:
Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,
As a ſtrange doubtful Way, we know not how to tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black painful Hour to live;
No Hopes, no Proſpect of a kind Reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy Paſſage to the Tomb:
How moving and how mournful is the Sight!
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous ſad!
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing Flight?
Feeble and languiſhing in Bed we lie,
Deſpairing to recover, void of Reſt;
Wiſhing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and Doubts diſtract our Breaſt,
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppreſs'd.

III.

Our Face is moiſtned with a clammy Sweat,
Faint and irregular the Pulſes beat;
The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.
Our dying Eyes roll heavily about,
Their Light's juſt going out;
And for ſome kind Aſſiſtance call,
But Pity, uſeleſs Pity's all

Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive:
Tho their Deſires are great, their Pow'rs are ſmall.
The Tongue's unable to declare
The Pains, the Griefs, the Miſeries we bear;
How inſupportable our Torments are.
Muſick no more delights our deafning Ears,
Reſtores our Joys, or diſſipates our Fears:
But all is melancholy, all is ſad,
In Robes of deepeſt Mourning clad.
For every Faculty, and every Senſe
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

Then we are ſenſible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be Rich or Great:
For all the fulſome Pride, and Pageantry of State,
No Conſolation brings.
Riches and Honours then are uſeleſs things,
Taſtleſs or bitter all;
And like the Book which the Apoſtle eat,
To the ill-judging Palate ſweet;
But turn at laſt to Nauſeouſneſs and Gall.
Nothing will then our drooping Spirits cheer,
But the Remembrance of good Actions paſt.
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever laſt,
And makes pale Death leſs terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.
In the dark Anti-chambers of the Grave,
What would we give? e'en all we have,
All that our Care and Induſtry had gain'd,
All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd;

Could

Could we recall thoſe fatal Hours again,
Which we conſum'd in ſenſleſs Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, and luxurious Eaſe:
For then they urge our Terrors, and increaſe our Pain.

V.

Our Friends ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in Tears to ſee us die,
And plunge into the deep Abyſs of wide Eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve:
They pity our deplorable Eſtate.
But what, alas! can Pity do,
To ſoften the Decrees of Fate?
Beſides, the Sentence is irrevocable too:
All their Endeavours to preſerve our Breath,
Tho they do unſucceſsful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly they love;
But cannot cut off the Entail of Death.
Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed;
One with officious Haſte
Brings us a Cordial, we want Senſe to taſte;
Another ſoftly raiſes up our Head;
This wipes away the Sweat; that ſighing cries,
See what Convulſions, what ſtrong Agonies,
Both Soul and Body undergo,
His Pains no Intermiſſion know:
For every Gaſp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.
Each would his kind Aſſiſtance lend,
To ſerve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend;
But ſtill in vain, with Deſtiny they all contend.

VI.

VI.

Our Father, pale with Grief and Watching grown,
Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries adieu;
Adieu, my Child, now I muſt follow you;
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our Sons, who in their tender Years
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,
Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry,
Bleſs us! O Father! now before you die;
Bleſs us, and be you bleſs'd to all Eternity.
Our Friend, whom equal to our ſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, Will you leave me here behind,
Without me fly to the bleſs'd Seats above?
Without me, did I ſay? Ah, no!
Without thy Friend thou canſt not go;
For tho thou leav'ſt me groveling here below,
My Soul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit company,
Thro the bright Paſſage of the yielding Sky.
Ev'n Death, that parts thee from thy ſelf, ſhall be
Incapable to ſeparate
(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)
My Friend, my beſt, my deareſt Friend and me.
But ſince it muſt be ſo, farewel
For ever; No! for we ſhall meet agen,
And live like Gods, tho now we die like Men,
In the Eternal Regions, where juſt Spirits dwell.

VII.

VII.

The Soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal Strife;
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterſcarps of Life;
By ſlow degrees retires towards the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort
With all the kind Artilleries of Art,
Botanick Legions guarding every Part.
But Death, whoſe Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Siege diſdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Battalions to the Fray,
And in a minute ſtorms the feeble Citadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a ſolid Peace:
But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice,
That we may negligent and careleſs be.
For if his Armies are withdrawn to-day,
And we believe no Danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
His Troops return ſome unexpected way;
While in the ſoft Embrace of Sleep we lie,
The ſecret Murderer ſtabs us, and we die.

VIII.

Since our firſt Parents Fall,
Inevitable Death deſcends on all;
A Portion none of human Race can miſs.
But that which makes it ſweet or bitter, is
The Fears of Miſery, or certain Hopes of Bliſs:

For when the Impenitent or Wicked die,
Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,
If any Senſe at that ſad time remains,
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains,
The Earneſt of that vaſt ſtupendous Woe,
Which they to all Eternity muſt undergo;
Confin'd in Hell with everlaſting Chains.
Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like ravenous Wolves to ſeize upon their Prey,
And hurry the deſperate Souls away
To the dark Receptacles of Deſpair,
Where they muſt dwell till that tremendous Day,
When the loud Trump ſhall call 'em to appear
Before a Judg moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere:
By whoſe juſt Sentence they muſt go
To everlaſting Pains, and endleſs Woe;
Which always are extreme, and always will be ſo.

IX.

But the good Man, whoſe Soul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly Stains of Luſt and Villany,
Of Mercy and of Pardon ſure;
Looks thro the Darkneſs of the gloomy Night,
And ſees the Dawning of a glorious Day;
Sees Crouds of Angels ready to convey
His Soul, whene'er ſhe takes her Flight
To the ſurprizing Manſions of immortal Light.
Then the Celeſtial Guards around him ſtand:
Nor ſuffer the black *Dæmons* of the Air

T' op-

T' oppoſe his Paſſage to the promis'd Land,
Or terrify his Thoughts with wild Deſpair;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His Prayers, his Charity, his Virtues preſs
To plead for Mercy when he wants it moſt;
Not one of all the happy Number's loſt:
And thoſe bright Advocates ne'er want Succeſs.
But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
She mounts in Triumph thro the Sky,
United to a glorious Throng
Of Angels, who with a Celeſtial Song,
Congratulate her Conqueſt as ſhe flies along.

X.

If therefore all muſt quit the Stage,
When, or how ſoon we cannot know,
But late, or early, we are ſure to go,
In the freſh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;
We cannot take too ſedulous a Care,
In this important, grand Affair:
For as we die, we muſt remain,
Hereafter all our Hopes are vain
To make our Peace with Heaven, or to return again.
The Heathen, who no better underſtood,
Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd
No future Miſeries could be prepar'd
For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good;
But if there were a State of Reſt,
They ſhould with the ſame Happineſs be bleſt,
As the Immortal Gods (if Gods there were) poſſeſt.

We have the Promiſe of Eternal Truth,
They who live well, and pious Paths purſue,
To Man, and to their Maker true,
Let 'em expire in Age or Youth,
Age or Youth can never miſs
Their way to everlaſting Bliſs:
But from a World of Miſery and Care
To Manſions of Eternal Eaſe repair;
Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
And in an endleſs Circle move
Thro the vaſt Round of Beatifick Love,
Which no Ceſſation knows.

Prologue to the Fate of *Capua.*

By the Honourable CHARLES BOYLE Eſq;

OUR Bard reſolv'd to quit this wicked Town,
And all Poetick Offices lay down;
But the weak Brother was drawn in again,
And a taſt Miſtreſs tempted him to Sin.
Thus many a cautious Gallant in this Throng,
May wed when old, whom they debauch'd when Young.
Thus the repenting Fair Ones vow in vain,
From Cards, from Love, from Scandal to refrain;
But *Eaſter* over, they relapſe again.
To write well's hard, but I appeal to y' all,
Is't not much harder not to write at all.
Some Men muſt write, for Writing's their Diſeaſe;
And every Poet's ſure one Man to pleaſe.
Some meddling Coxcombs, rather than ſit ſtill,
And perfectly do nothing, muſt do ill.
Some are with buſy Dulneſs ſo o'er-run,
They ſeem deſign'd by Heav'n to teaze the Town.
Yet when theſe Fools have ſpawn'd ſome ſickly Play,
We have ſo many greater Fools than they,
They'll pack a crouded Audience the third Day.
This Poet has no ſly inveigling Arts;
He'll try to gain, but he'll not ſteal your Hearts.

His Muſe is ruſtick, and perhaps too plain,
The Men of ſqueamiſh Taſtes to entertain:
Who none but Dutcheſſes will deign to toaſt,
And Favours only from Front-Boxes boaſt.
That's all Grimace, when Appetites are good,
Be the Dreſs coarſe, the Air and Manners rude,
You can take up with wholeſom Fleſh and Blood.
But he deſpairs of pleaſing all the Nation,
'Tis ſo debauch'd with Whims of Reformation.
He'as done his beſt; here is no wanton Scene
To give the Wicked Joy, the Godly Spleen:
Not one poor baudy Jeſt ſhall dare appear;
For now the batter'd Veteran Strumpets here
Pretend at leaſt to bring a modeſt Ear.
Here is ſome Love, 'tis true, ſome Noiſe, ſome War,
Enough to pleaſe the *Belles*, the *Beaus* to ſcare:
Some buſtling Patriots too, ſome Rabble-Rout,
And Senators of the weak Side thrown out.
But in all this, here's nothing can offend;
Nothing to loſe an antient Midnight Friend; (tend.
He hopes then, when his Cauſe comes on, they'll all at-
Let Critick Foes remember 'tis paſt *Lent*,
And all good Chriſtians Curſes then were ſpent.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

By Colonel CODRINGTON.

POETS fine Titles for themſelves may find;
I think 'em the Fool-mongers of Mankind.
The charitable Quacks indeed pretend
They trade in Fools, only thoſe Fools to mend:
Yet they would ſcarce the nauſeous Task endure,
But that, like *Bedlam*-Doctors, they are ſure
To get by ſhowing Fools they cannot cure.
Equal in this, all Plays muſt be confeſs'd;
Fool is the Fav'rite Diſh of the whole Feaſt.
In Farce the Wit's a Fool, or Fool's a Wit;
In Comedy, the Beau pretends a Right.
But Tragick Writers ſtill agree to plot,
The greateſt Hero, for the greateſt Sot.
Our Bard, t' indulge your Taſte with vaſt Delight,
Serv'd up a Senate full of Fools to-night.
Some buſtled hard for *Hannibal*, and ſome
Wou'd venture all the Brains they had for *Rome*.
Thus fighting Fools ſupport ambitious Knaves;
Whoe'er prevail'd, the *Capuans* ſtill were Slaves.
Our Pair of Friends ſhine far above the reſt,
With double Share of Fool and Hero bleſt.

Our Lover wou'd not tempt the Lady's Honour;
Yet had he boldly puſh'd, and fairly won her,
You'll all allow he wou'd leſs harm have done her.
Joys well contriv'd, are had at eaſier Price;
Thank Heav'n, our *Britiſh* Friends are not ſo nice.
Our moſt important Fool is ſtill behind;
The Man was marry'd, Sirs, and ſick in Mind:
'Twas a mere Whim of Honour coſt his Life;
The ſqueamiſh *Capuan* wou'd not ſhare his Wife.
Why, Wives are Wives, and he that will be billing,
Muſt not think Cuckoldom deſerves a killing.
What if the gentle Creature had been kiſſing,
Nothing the good Man marry'd for was miſſing:
Beſides, the Rights of Ladies Sacred are;
He ſhou'd have been content with Neighbour's Fare.
But ſhe, by her coy Gallant's Crime, was good;
And was not won, becauſe ſhe was not woo'd.
Had he the Secret of his Birth-Right known,
'Tis odds the faithful Annals wou'd have ſhown,
The Wives of half his Race, more lucky than his own.

To AMESTRIS, *with the* Ambitious Step-Mother.

CAN you forgive me, gentle Fair,
For the hard Part I made you wear,
For haſtning Death e'er you had try'd
The Pleaſures of a wiſhing Bride?
Touch'd to the quick, Wit's Judges cry,
She is too good, too fair to die;
And the ſtrong Concern diſcovers,
That every Critick is a Lover.
Oh! think I have a Heart like them,
That melts at the reſiſtleſs Flame:
With them I own, that Age and Care
Should plough no Furrows in the Fair;
That you ſhould ne'er grow old, nor die,
But know Eternity of Joy:
That ſpringing Youth, and roſy Bloom,
Should always be, and be to come.
Like them I know you form'd to bleſs
Some amorous Youth to vaſt Exceſs;
To ſigh and murmur while he preſſes,
While with Fury he poſſeſſes:
To give the happy, happy Swain,
Pleaſure ſo fierce, it's almoſt Pain.
All this and more I ſadly knew,
That all theſe Charms, this heav'nly You,

Fate

Fate for ſome other did deſign,
Nor ever, ever could be mine.
Die then, I ſaid, *Ameſtris* die,
Let all the reſt be curs'd as I.

De La Fontain's HANS CARVEL *Imitated.*

HANS Carvel, Impotent and Old,
Married a Laſs of *London* Mould;
Handſom enough, extremely gay,
Lov'd Muſick, Company, and Play.
High Flights ſhe had, and Wit at will;
And ſo her Tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all Viſits, who but ſhe,
To argue, or to repartee?
She made it plain, that human Paſſion
Was order'd by Predeſtination:
That if weak Woman went aſtray,
Their Stars were more in fault than they.
Whole Tragedies ſhe had by heart,
Enter'd into *Roxana*'s Part.
To ſpill a hated Rival's Blood,
The Action certainly was good:
But like a Vine, young *Ammon* curl'd;
Oh! that dear Conqueror of the World!
She pity'd *Betterton* in Age,
That ridicul'd the God-like Rage.

She firſt of all the Town was told,
Where neweſt *India* Things were ſold;]
So in a Morning, without Bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. *Tody*'s,
To cheapen Tea, to buy a Skreen;
What elſe in God's Name could ſhe mean?
For, to prevent the leaſt Reproach,
Betty went with her in the Coach.
But when no very great Affair
Excited her peculiar Care,
She without fail was wak'd at Ten,
Drank Chocolate, then ſlept again.
At Twelve ſhe roſe, with much ado
Her Clothes were huddled on by Two.
Then, Does my Lady dine at home?
Yes ſure——But is the Colonel come?
Next, how to ſpend the Afternoon,
And not come home again too ſoon:
The Change, the City, or the Play,
As each was proper for the Day.
A Turn in Summer to *Hyde-Park*,
When it grew to'erably dark.

Wives Pleaſure cauſes Husbands Pain,
Strange Fancys come in *Hans*'s Brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durſt not blame.
At firſt he therefore preach'd to's Wife
The Comforts of a pious Life;
Told her how tranſient Beauty was,
That all muſt die, and Fleſh was Graſs.

He

He brought her Sermons, Pſalms, and Graces,
And doubled down the uſeful Places:
But ſtill the Weight of worldly Cares
Allow'd her little time for Prayers.
And *Cleopatra* was read o'er,
While *Sc——t* and *W——ke*, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's ſelf,
Lay unmoleſted on the Shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her Toilet,
No fear that Thumb of hers ſhould ſpoil it:
In ſhort, the Trade was ſtill the ſame,
The Dame went out, the Colonel came.
What's to be done, poor *Carvel* cry'd?
Another Batt'ry muſt be try'd.
What if to Spells I had Recourſe;
'Tis but to hinder ſomething worſe?
The End muſt juſtify the Means;
He only ſins, who ill intends.
Since therefore 'tis to combat Evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For name him, and he's always near)
Not in the Shape in which he plies
At Miſs's Elbow when ſhe lies,
Or ſtands before the Nurs'ry-doors,
To take the naughty Boy that roars;
But without Saucer-Eye or Claw,
Like a grave Barriſter at Law.

Hans Carvel, lay aſide your Grief,
The Devil ſays——I bring Relief:

Relief,

Relief, ſays *Hans*; pray let me crave
Your Name, Sir———Satan, Sir, your Slave.
I did not look upon your Feet;
You'll pardon me———Ay, now I ſee't.
And pray Sir, when came you from Hell?
Our Friends there, did you leave 'em well?
All well———But prithee honeſt *Hans*,
Says Satan, leave your Complaiſance.
The Truth is this, I cannot ſtay,
Flaring in Sun-ſhine all the Day:
For *entre nous*, we helliſh Sprites
Love more the Freſco of the Nights;
And oftner our Deceits convey
In Dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a Friend,
E'er Morning dawns, your Fears ſhall end.
Go then this Evening, Maſter *Carvel*,
Lay down your Fowls, and broach your Barrel:
Let Friends and Wine diſſolve your Care,
Whilſt I the great Receipt prepare.
To night I'll bring it, by my Faith;
Believe for once, what Satan ſaith.

Away went *Hans*, glad not a little,
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
Invited Friends, ſome half a dozen,
The Colonel and my Lady's Couſin.
The Meat was ſerv'd, the Bowls were crown'd,
Catches were ſung, and Healths went round:
Modiſh *Ratafia* for the Cloſe,
Till *Hans* had fairly got his Doſe.

The

The Colonel toaſted to the *Beſt*;
The Dame went off to be undreſs'd.
The Chimes went Twelve, the Gueſts withdrew;
But when, or how, *Hans* hardly knew.
Some Modern Anecdotes aver
He nodded in his Elbow-Chair;
From thence was carry'd off to bed,
John held his Heels, and *Nan* his Head.
My Lady was diſturb'd: new Sorrow!
Which *Hans* muſt anſwer for to-morrow.

In Bed then view the happy Pair,
And think how *Hymen* triumph'd there.
Hans faſt aſleep as ſoon as laid,
The Duty of the Night unpaid.
The waking Dame, with Thought oppreſs'd,
That made her hate both him, and Reſt.
By ſuch a Husband, ſuch a Wife,
'Twas *Acme*'s and *Septimia*'s Life.
The Lady ſigh'd, the Lover ſnor'd,
The punctual Devil kept his Word,
Appear'd to honeſt *Hans* again,
(But not at all by Madam ſeen)
And giving him a Magick Ring,
Fit for the Finger of a King;
Dear *Hans*, ſaid he, this Jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's ſake;
'Twill do your Buſineſs to a Hair,
For long as you this Ring ſhall wear,
As ſure as I look over *Lincoln*,
That ne'er ſhall happen which you think on.

Hans took the Ring with Joy extreme,
(All this was only in a Dream)
And thruſting it beyond the Joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd, I've gain'd my Point.
What Point, ſaid ſhe, you ugly Beaſt?
You neither give me Joy nor Reſt.
'Tis done——What's done, you drunken Bear?
You've thruſt your Finger G---d knows where.

F I N I S.


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